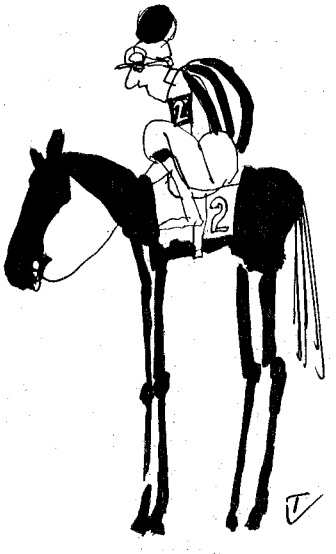
THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
January 18, 1965 . . 35c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

LEGALIZED GAMBLING

Dreams & Realities

Milton R. Wessel



China's Military Strategy

John Gittings

Reviews & Essays

THE REPORTER AS HERO
Jane Stolle

'FREEDOM OR SECRECY'
Louis M. Lyons

VALERY'S AESTHETICS
Richard Howard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The final solution

West Long Branch, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Jonathan Kapstein's "Vietnam: In the French Footsteps" (*The Nation*, Dec. 21) is needlessly pessimistic. It is true that our attempts to manipulate the shifting and unpopular Saigon governments . . . have proved fruitless; and obviously the bombing of supply lines will not end the Vietcong successes, for their small forces live on the three-fourths of South Vietnam that they control. . . .

But the solution is simply to annihilate the South Vietnamese population. . . . With a few dozen of our many thousands of nuclear war heads . . . we could thus eliminate the Vietcong, the recalcitrant and dissenting powers in Saigon and the other South Vietnamese, who seem, after all, inclined to the Vietcong rather than to us.

No one in the State Department now pretends that our purpose is to facilitate national self-determination for the South Vietnamese. And since our purpose is our own security . . . why should we reject a resource that is only a further step in a war of attrition that we cannot win by more conventional atrocities? If we didn't hesitate to use the bomb against Japan in 1945, when it wasn't really needed, we should not hesitate to use it now when it is needed.

Peter Locke

Not our business

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In the exchange with Upton Sinclair [*The Nation*, Jan. 4] over our letting "the Chinese take India and communize it," you were in too much of a hurry to squelch his irrelevant question. You lapsed into the CIA attitude that ignores such trivia as sovereignty and independence.

What happens if India doesn't ask us to help her make war, if she should sign a peace treaty and allow herself to be communized? Then what?

Obviously, the decision is not yours, Mr. Sinclair's or President Johnson's. Better that you hadn't risen to Mr. Sinclair's bait.

Robert B. Dennis

Corrections

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Lincoln Kirstein's review (*The Nation*, Dec. 14) of Berenice Abbott's book, *The World of Atget*, refers to "recent silly attempts to pair Atget and Proust" that represent a "characteristic example of the clever dishonesty of some junior wise guy in a gift-house packaging department." I presume he is referring to the book which I edited, entitled *A Vision of Paris*, which was published in October, 1963, by Macmillan.

Let me say first that the pairing of Proust and Atget was not proposed by some "wise guy" but by Miss Abbott herself, and she is given full credit in the preface of the book. . . .

Mr. Kirstein then states that ". . . until today, no French or American publisher has had the courage to print" a considerable collection of Atget photographs. This is palpably untrue as any responsible reviewer would have known. A book of Atget photographs was published in France by E. Weyhe of New York, under the simple title *Atget*. In addition, *A Vision of Paris*, containing 120 Atget photographs, was published by Macmillan in 1963 at enormous expense. . . .

I am an admirer of Miss Abbott and Atget, but the statement that the plates in *The World of Atget* represent "ultimate perfection" is not the case. As one who has spent considerable time with Atget plates and prints, I can state that the reproductions in this book . . . convey almost none of the luminosity, contrast and magnificent print quality of the originals.

A. D. Trottenberg

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Recent Acquisitions by the Cooper Union Museum, mentioned in *The Nation* [Dec. 21] was specifically not published by the Cooper Union but—as it states on its second page—"by former members of the Advisory Council and by the staff of the Cooper Union Museum." In fact, I am informed, the Cooper Union has instructed the Museum staff to make no display of the book at the Museum's publications desk.

The moving about of persons as you record it in your columns has been somewhat unrecognizably telescoped. Calvin S. Hathaway, who was not curator of drawings at the Cooper Union, but was Director of the Cooper Union Museum, has not taken the place of Carl Zigrosser as Curator of Drawings in Philadelphia. Hathaway is now R. Wistar Harvey Curator of Decorative Arts at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The successor to Zigrosser is Kneeland McNulty. The not-so-long-time (1955-1964) Curator of Drawings and Prints at the Cooper Union Museum, Dr. Richard P. Wunder, is now at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Calvin S. Hathaway
R. Wistar Harvey Curator
of Decorative Arts
Philadelphia Museum of Art

THE NATION

Monday, January 18, 1965
Volume 200, No. 3

In this issue

EDITORIALS

41

ARTICLES

43 China's Military Strategy
John Gittings

46 Legalized Gambling:
The Dreams & the Realities
Milton R. Wessel

49 Desalination:
The Politics of Fresh Water
David E. Pesonen

51 The Ecumenical Council:
Empire to Commonwealth
Elisabeth Mann Borgese

55 Russia's Courts of Public Pressure
Robert S. Sharlet

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

58 The Reporter As Hero
Jane Stolle

59 By Comparison (poem)
Thomas Clark

60 Wanted: Watchmen for Fourth Estate
Louis M. Lyons.

62 TV and More TV
Desmond Smith

63 A Career in Consciousness
Richard Howard

65 Theatre
Harold Clurman

66 Art
Max Kozloff

67 Films
Robert Hatch

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 68)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Grandin Conover, Literary Editor
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Jan. 18, 1965, Vol. 200, No. 3

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Now in Vietnam?

Judging by his most recent observations on the subject of Vietnam, Secretary of State Rusk has become a sort of political paralytic. He declines to advance, he declines to retreat, he admits to a sense of frustration, but remains convinced—at least it is what he says publicly—that the South Vietnam government can overcome the Vietcong—*if* the government will only pull itself together and become unified. Greater optimism hath no man than this.

The Secretary must know that there is no longer a government in South Vietnam; there are only contending factions. On the side, that is, which the United States supports. The nearest thing to a government is the Vietcong, or National Liberation Front, which we are fighting. To justify our intervention in the civil war, we must maintain the fiction that a friendly nation asked us for help against Communist aggression, we pledged our help, and we will never dishonor our pledge. Everyone in Saigon and in Washington knows that this is a farrago of nonsense, but it gives the public relations officers something to say.

In foreign affairs a government must, however, deal with realities. In Vietnam the reality is summed up by *The New York Times* (January 3, Section 4): "In 1965 a government may well come into office that is hostile to the present American war policy. There are many who feel the present effort is futile and maybe there is some other way to lick an insurgency, maybe even to compromise with it." This seems to be the only alternative to the course advocated by the war hawks in Washington: extend the war full force to North Vietnam, starting with air strikes and bringing in troops in any necessary numbers if China makes a move.

The President has said that he is opposed to such a venture, but this still leaves him on the horns of the dilemma. How is he to get off? The fiction that we are fighting at the side of an ally who wants our help can give the President the necessary leverage. All that is required is an unequivocal declaration by that government that we are *not* wanted. Since what now passes for a government will not and cannot take such a stand, the President should be looking for changes that will make such a pronouncement possible and enable us to negotiate our way out. Since the National Liberation Front cannot win the war any more than our side can win it, we can negotiate, if not from a position of strength, at least on a basis of equality. It is the best we can expect. As of now we might be able to obtain safeguards against a Communist take-over, which neither the French, the Cambodians nor the Indians want—nor many of the South Vietnamese. If we delay much longer, this possibility may be precluded.

How can a South Vietnam government which will ask us to help make peace—and eventually get out—be constituted in the unhappy country? It should not be a difficult task for our Central Intelligence Agency, which has an impressive record of accomplishment in overthrowing, constituting or reconstituting governments that were not to our liking. The CIA can tailor a South Vietnamese government to whatever specifications the President lays down. Mr. Rusk will surely acquiesce; he must be sick of the pretense he is called upon to maintain before Congressional committees and the press. Mr. McCone may demur, but it is said he wishes to return to private business. And there may be others in Washington who would not like this solution, but the President is backed by the most impressive popular mandate in recent times, and will know how to deal with them. It is time for action.

America the Beautiful

Most of the things that could be said about the President's message on the State of the Union have been said, and most of the things that were said were scarcely novel. David Lawrence called it a "brainwashing job," but the majority of commentators agreed that the goals were admirable and sat back to await the more specific messages on how the Great Society is to be achieved in our time. Few, however, thought it worth while to give more than perfunctory notice to the President's remarks on the beauty of America and the need to protect our natural heritage, not only the countryside as "a green legacy for tomorrow," but as a livable environment in which air and water would remain uncontaminated.

The same note has been sounded by Governor Rockefeller of New York, with particular emphasis on the reclamation of rivers, which in many parts of the state are little better than open sewers. It is not a new theme. "Here in the United States," wrote another President, "we turn our rivers and streams into sewers and dumping grounds, we pollute the air, we destroy forests and exterminate fishes, birds and mammals—not to speak of vulgarizing charming landscapes with hideous advertisements." That was Theodore Roosevelt, writing in 1913. With our rising population and the development of powerful and easily misused chemicals, great conservationists like Theodore Roosevelt and Amos Pinchot could scarcely conclude that today the country had learned its lesson.

Mr. Johnson is a brilliant politician. Politicians cannot succeed without beguiling the masses, but in this matter of keeping America beautiful the President is utterly sincere. One of the highest manifestations of patriotism is the determination to prevent the scenic spoliation of one's native—or adopted—land. Much of America, in the cities, in the suburbs, in the open country wherever the automobile can go, is already ruined from any aesthetic standpoint. What were once rural highways are now hideous "strip commercial" developments. Speaking in Connecticut in December,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secretary of the Interior Udall said that the President was working on a program to beautify the nation's highways and to prevent them from becoming "a great junkyard." The President did not specifically refer to suburban blight in his message, but that is one of the areas in which regulation of rampant commercialism is urgently needed.

Wherever the landscape is ruined, somebody is making money out of it. The beauty of cities and of the open spaces alike is an object of attack because it pays off today, and those who profit have no thought for the morrow. Mr. Johnson has promised to call a White House conference on natural beauty soon. It is one of his most welcome ideas, but it should be realized in advance that concrete results will not follow automatically. First things must be put first, and private profit last.

The New Patron

To help promote and honor creative achievements, I will propose a national foundation of the arts.

This sentence in President Johnson's State of the Union message is also receiving little attention in the press, but it may contain the promise for which his Administration will be remembered. Foreign policy, domestic economics, social amelioration—in all these areas, Mr. Johnson will perforce be modifying and implementing policies that he has inherited.

But if he succeeds in establishing a federal institution for the cultivation of the arts, this country—perhaps the last among modern nations to do so—will finally affirm that it values and will nurture its creative spirits. A foundation of the arts could be Mr. Johnson's monument, and it is one that might appeal to the irony that lies just beneath the surface of his breezy Texas style. Mr. Kennedy enjoyed the arts, and the company of artists was congenial to him; it is not likely that Mr. Johnson will surround himself with that aura: he has, however, the grace to understand that the nation's needs exceed his personal scope.

The cry will now go up that government sponsorship means government control; that artists will be trammeled and corrupted by Congressional Philistines. But confinement and corruption are the occupational hazards of the creative life; society always seeks to rope its boldest spirits, and the job of the artist is to evade the snares. It is easy—and it is cheap—to say that art cannot thrive under government auspices, but how do we know? Other countries have managed to keep their artists both free and fed, and this country has never tried.

There is, however, an immediate hazard of which one hopes the President and those who advise him are aware. A national foundation must be administered, and this country swarms with administrators. Unless conscious steps are taken to prevent them, they will seize the reins of Mr. Johnson's art project, and out of their official minds will spring an official art. There is in being a commission—called originally by Mr. Kennedy—which has issued a report on the humanities and the arts. It is an able document, but it is a document compiled by university officials and businessmen; there is not an artist on the roster. And its proposals are directed toward teaching, research, scholarship (all of which we need in abundance), not toward the invention of new visions. It speaks warmly of creating facilities; it says nothing of what they shall house. A foundation of the arts has a more direct function—it must find and nourish the gifted—and if it is to do that properly it must take artists into its councils.

It is likely that if Congress heeds Mr. Johnson's proposal, the first appropriation will seem trivial in this era of the megabuck. That is not important—the National Science Foundation was launched with peanuts and see where it stands today. Much money, indeed, might be a hazard in the early stages, for the administrators would become avid. But the men who bring the President's proposal into being will be crucial to its flowering. They must be artists on the one hand and, on the other, men who, like the President himself, appreciate the power of art to affirm a nation's greatness. Mr. Johnson's appointments to a national foundation of the arts could have a more profound effect on the future quality of American life than any political appointments he is called upon to make.

The Detroit Scandal

In 1964, individual and family spending in the United States reached $400 billion, giving rise to yelps of joy about the new phenomenon of "consumerism." According to the National Safety Council, about $85 billion, or 21 per cent of the total, was spent for motor vehicle transportation. This sum, almost as hefty as the federal budget, includes the purchase and maintenance of cars, road construction, highway law enforcement, etc.—and also something that people would rather not think about: the money cost of death and suffering, lost wages, medical treatment, property damage and litigation resulting from highway accidents. The cost in anguish not even the biggest computer can calculate.

"An American massacre," it is termed in the December/January issue of *American Trial Lawyers*, a publication of the American Trial Lawyers Association. From the inception of automotive travel at the turn of the century, powerful organizations like Consumers Union, Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Society of Automotive Engineers and the American Automobile Association have tried to cope with slaughter on the highways. Little progress has been made in the most promising approach—automobile design safety. Detroit has given only token cooperation. Style, comfort, speed, status have been the industry's selling points. "Consumerism," hypnotized by advertising, acquiescently votes for glamour until the fateful second when happy motoring changes to broken bones, torn flesh, agony and death.

In the same issue of *American Trial Lawyers*, Ralph Nader points out that lawyers can help to bring the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manufacturers to book by familiarizing themselves with the technical literature on automotive design, in which many a cat is let out of the bag. He cites a paper delivered by a Ford engineer in 1963 that touted the safety features of the Mustang prototype, not one of which survives in the production model. A General Motors patent application of 1954 points out that a sudden stop "may cause injury to the head, face or body of a driver forced into violent contact with the steering device" and proposes to obviate this, but collapsible steering wheels are still almost unknown and the General Motors Corvair was subsequently equipped with a steering shaft that protruded beyond the leading surface of the front tires, so that in a left front-end collision the shaft might be driven backward and upward a foot or two, breaking the driver's neck in some instances. Because of the alleged instability of some Corvair models under some conditions, fifty personal-injury suits are pending against General Motors.

An article by Malcolm Kanan, a securities analyst, disposes of the widespread belief that the casualty insurance companies are losing money. On the contrary, most of them present a picture of economic health which, Kanan feels, "justifies investor confidence in the industry as a real growth vehicle." The gimmick is that prepaid premiums generate large amounts of investment income which is not figured in computing underwriting profit or loss.

The casualty companies will flourish in any case, but their volume of business can be reduced to reasonable proportions if the automobile industry is forced to incorporate proved safety features in its product. The federal government enforces safety in airplane design, although the 60,000 seats in all the air liners in the country are only a tiny fraction of the seats in automobiles. Congress has recently authorized the General Services Administration to set up design safety standards for the purchase of the government's own passenger cars. That legislation can avail is shown by New York State Sen. Edward J. Speno's success in finally forcing Detroit to adopt seat-belt anchorages. This is the model for much more extensive advances in safety design.

Sensitive Subject

Tobias Simon, the aggressive Florida Civil Liberties Union attorney who successfully defended about 400 demonstrators in the St. Augustine fracas of last spring, has now been charged by two St. Augustine officials with soliciting clients contrary to the Florida bar's canons of ethics. His case is being processed by the Florida bar's committee on ethics and grievances.

Simon asked that all hearings be open to the press, but the Florida Supreme Court turned him down on the ground that such hearings are similar to grand jury proceedings. That, of course, is hogwash, for the charges have already been widely publicized. The court's ruling only deprives Simon of an equal hearing in the press.

It is obvious that the charges are meant as harassment. The episode is just the latest in a series of intra-professional harassments in the South: The disbarment proceedings (later dismissed) against S. W. Tucker, Jr., in Virginia after he appeared in three cases for the NAACP; the disciplinary proceedings (ending in his being cleared) against R. Jess Brown in Mississippi as a result of his having appeared for a plaintiff in a school desegregation case, etc. Southern attorneys, like Southern preachers, know how to deal with their misfits.

Recently, a group of Simon's friends tried to buy half a page in the *Florida Bar Journal* to remind attorneys that in 1935 the ethics committee of the American Bar Association in Opinion No. 148 had ruled: "Advertising—Offering publicly to render legal services without charge to citizens who are unable to pay for them is *not* unethical."

The ad was also to have carried, as a reminder, the last statement in the oath of admissions to the Florida bar: "I will never reject, from any consideration personal to myself, the cause of the defenseless or oppressed, or delay any man's cause for lucre or malice. So help me, God."

It all seemed simple and straightforward enough but the ad was refused because, said the secretary of the bar association, "the subject is too sensitive."

China's Military Strategy . . . . . John Gittings

China's first atomic test has again focused attention upon its development as a military power. All the evidence suggests that it may acquire an effective nuclear capability within the next ten years. Meanwhile, the Chinese People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.) numbers well over two and a half million, and is backed by a popular militia of many more millions. Yet it is important that the West should not allow itself to be mesmerized by China's sheer weight of numbers, nor by its progress on the nuclear front. What is significant is not so much China's strategic potential, actual or projected, but the strategic philosophy that will determine how such a potential is used. Who are the men who make military policy in China, what is their background, how do they see the situation as they look outward from Peking?

Ultimate military authority in China rests with the Communist Party's Military Affairs Committee, a group of at least eight senior officers (six marshals and two senior generals) with Mao as ex officio chairman. All belong to the party's Central Committee, three to the Politburo. All were leading officers in the Communist revolution, and only two are less than 60 years of

John Gittings, a research assistant at The Royal Institute of International Affairs, is currently working on a study of the Chinese Communist army.

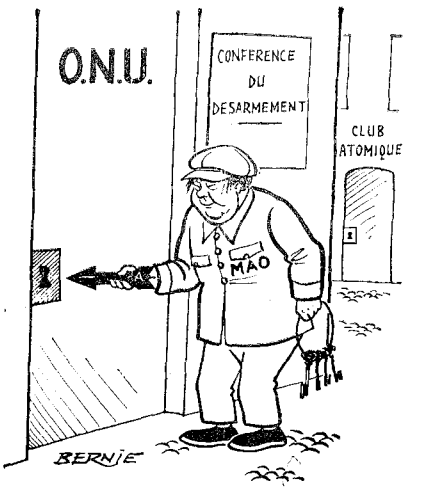
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age. The second echelon of military leadership, comprising the General Staff, commanders of military regions, and heads of service arms, are almost without exception loyal veterans of the revolutionary wars. All but a few are now in their 50s.

The most remarkable feature of this military elite is that it has remained almost intact for fifteen years. Out of the fifty or so leading officers only six have fallen out of favor or been dismissed—and this in a country with a long tradition of war lords and of military regionalism. No doubt many able young officers have been trained in the new military academies set up during the Korean War, but they have not yet risen to the top.

Thus the military leadership participated at first hand in the civil war which was fought, with a large measure of popular support, against a U.S.-aided Chiang Kai-shek. That experience lies behind the three cardinal points of Chinese military philosophy today. First is the strict subordination of the military to party control (the majority of the army leadership served as political and not as military officers). This relationship has been strongly reassessed since the collapse of the Great Leap Forward, and this year China has been exhorted to "Learn from the P.L.A.," to emulate the army's standards of self-sacrifice and loyalty to the party. The system of political officers has been extended down to company level, and officers and men alike are urged to make an intensive study of the writings of Chairman Mao.

Second, the Maoist doctrine that "men, not weapons, are the decisive factor in war" remains unmodified despite the realities of the nuclear age. This means that the "human factor" in war — morale, popular support and individual initiative—continues to be regarded as more important than mere technical efficiency and the possession of modern weapons. During and after the Korean War, there had been a trend toward a more technical concept of the P.L.A.'s role, but that war itself, fought by a Chinese army with inferior equipment but superior manpower and morale, confirmed the original thesis. Once the immediate threat of Korea had disappeared, the P.L.A. found its role increasingly undervalued. It was



Ben Roth

The Pass-Key

subjected to intensive campaigns to improve its political loyalty, to take part in agricultural production, and to economize in training and equipment. Recently, attempts have been made to reconcile the conflicting military and political demands—to create a P.L.A. that is both "Red" and "expert"—but politics still takes priority, often at the expense of military efficiency.

The third and cardinal principle of Chinese strategy is an unshakable belief in the hostile intentions of the United States. This cannot be discounted as propaganda, nor solely as a device to mobilize popular support on the home front. Chinese fear of and hostility toward the United States dates back to American support for Chiang in the civil war, was reinforced by the crossing of the 38th Parallel in the Korean War, by American influence in Japan and in Formosa. On the Chinese mainland, these actions, coupled with the formation of SEATO and American intervention in South Vietnam, amount to factual proof that the United States is the leader of world imperialism and China's most dangerous enemy.

Thus the basic defense requirement of China has been and still is the need to deter a hypothetical threat from American imperialism. During the early days of the Sino-Soviet alliance, China could realistically regard itself as covered by the Soviet nuclear umbrella. But just as the American deterrent has fast lost credibility in Europe, and led to dissension within the Western Alliance, so the Chinese find it increasingly difficult to believe that the Soviet deterrent could be invoked in its defense. Indeed, this question has become one of the major issues in the Sino-Soviet dispute. In October, 1957, a Sino-Soviet defense agreement actually committed Russia to some form of nuclear aid for China. But the agreement was never implemented; it appears to have broken down over the dilemma of control. Russia, like America, is not willing to commit nuclear weapons to its allies without maintaining control and veto rights. The abrogation of this agreement, the lukewarm attitude of the Soviet Union during the Offshore Islands crisis of 1958, the increasing bitterness in Sino-Soviet relations, have all contributed to convince China's military leaders that China must take into account both its lack of nuclear weapons and the withdrawal of Soviet support. The strategy that emerged during the Great Leap Forward in the autumn of 1958 remains unchanged.

Its basic assumptions center upon the belief that a future war will inevitably involve an American nuclear attack upon the mainland. It is admitted that this will be devastating, but not totally paralyzing. Troops are already being trained in defense against atomic (and biological) attacks, and there has been a move toward the dispersal of military installations. Of more importance, it is argued that a nuclear attack could not be decisive, in view of China's geographical area and manpower resources. It must therefore be followed by a conventional invasion, and here the Chinese are confident that they could win. Since 1958, the local militia has been expanded throughout the country. At first a target was set of 220 million militiamen and women—the entire adult able-bodied population of China. During the crisis years of 1960-61 this was drastically cut back and the militia itself purged and reorganized, but it has recently started to expand again.

The militia is justified both on ideological and military grounds. According to Maoist doctrine, victory is won by the people, not by weapons, and the "broad masses of the militia" can best protect China against imperialist aggression. It is argued that any conventional attack on the Chinese mainland would be swamped by a hostile and armed population. The enemy would be "drowned in the vast ocean of a na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of soldiers." This policy of militia expansion has been strongly reaffirmed since the atom test, and is unlikely to be reversed.

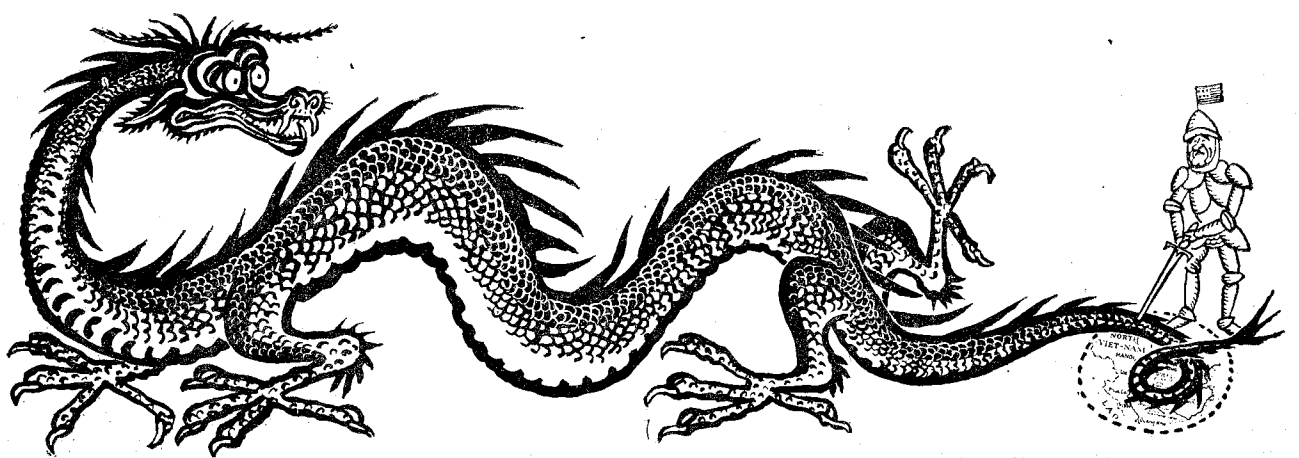
Meanwhile, China's nuclear program will continue. Although the leaders admit that they still have a long way to go, they presumably hope to acquire at least a minimum capacity to deter an American attack. It is difficult to say how imminent they believe such an attack to be. In a recent interview, the Foreign Minister, Ch'en Yi, confessed: "In my opinion, nobody dreams of starting a war." But however remote, an American attack is a contingency that cannot be ignored. It is therefore hard to see what measures can be taken to dissuade the Chinese from developing as a nuclear power. They have already—even before being asked—refused to take part either in nuclear-power talks or in the eighteen-nation Geneva negotiations, and regard the UN as "incapable of handling the disarmament question." One must conclude that China is unlikely to undertake disarmament negotiations until it has a respectable capability of its own with which to bargain. The best interim solution might well be a Sino-Soviet *rapprochement* which included firm Soviet guarantees of nuclear support and perhaps even the stationing of Soviet missiles in China. That would obviate China's need for an independent nuclear capability. However, this development is highly unlikely: even if Russia were to make such an offer, Chinese resentment and suspicion of Soviet motives are now probably too deep to allow it to accept.

Apart from the defense preparations against major war, a sizable part of the Chinese army continues to be tied up along the frontiers and on internal security duties. No figures are available, but at least three areas are heavily garrisoned. Along the Chinese seaboard, in the provinces of Fukien and Chekiang facing Formosa, strong army units are maintained on the alert, both to intercept Taiwan-based agents and spies and to guard against a possible Nationalist invasion. Several armies are also in Tibet, where the Khampa rebels continue to give trouble, and the Sino-Indian border is strongly defended. On the northwest frontier of Sinkiang province, where local risings of non-Chinese minorities have, according to Chinese claims, been fomented by the Soviet Union, the army must also be much in evidence. Throughout China as a whole, army units are widely scattered in locations of key urban, economic or communications importance.

Of still greater concern to the West is the question of what part plans for aggression play in China's basically defensive strategy. It is already being argued that China could launch its solitary atomic bomb by air or by sea against one of its neighbors, or could at least threaten to do so. But apart from the political lunacy of such a move, China lacks the capability. Neither its obsolete submarines nor its similarly out-of-date ex-Soviet medium range bombers could carry the necessary pay load.

It is also suggested that the Chinese army, if it so wished, could overrun Indo-China or even the whole of Southeast Asia. This is simply a projection of the yellow-peril myth into the field of military stategy. The Chinese army marches on its feet (only 10 per cent of the force is said to be motorized). Its railway and highway systems are still meager; it has very few transport planes or troop carriers. One cannot conceive how it could either mount or supply a long-term and sustained occupation of a neighbor. The short-term attack on the Sino-Indian border of October, 1962, was quite another matter; it was limited in scope and in time, and was withdrawn once the political objectives of the attack had been achieved. Presumably such a demonstration could be mounted again, but that is far from a full-scale invasion.

It is also observed that China has renewed claims to such former areas of Chinese imperial influence as Outer Mongolia and parts of Indo-China. China maintains that the treaties which disposed of Chinese rights and influence in these areas were signed by the Manchu or Nationalist governments under duress from the imperialist powers. They are therefore "unequal" and subject to renegotiation. This is a useful propaganda point, especially since some of the treaties were concluded by Czarist Russia and have not been repudiated by the Soviet Government. But the areas in question were never part of China; they were linked to her by vassal and tribute obligations, and China rarely attempted to assert effective control. In modern terms they were "sympathetic neutrals," and China would no doubt be happy to have them in that relationship again, in the manner of present-day Cambodia. What China fears is the extension of Western influence—especially American influence—in coun-



The Observer (London): Ben Roth

"All I'm Trying To Do Is Limit Our Conflict To This Small Area"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tries adjacent to its own territory. To use a much-quoted Chinese phrase, "when the lips are gone the teeth are cold." This anticipated chill brought Chinese intervention in the Korean War, and is likely to do so in Vietnam if the war is extended to the north.

The overriding danger in the Chinese theatre, therefore, is not that China will initiate an aggressive action but that Western pressure will compel it to intervene in defiance of strict military logic. A principle of Maoist strategy is that when the stakes are high, the level at which risks can be taken is also high. Our primary aim in Southeast Asia and the Far East should be to keep the stakes low, to avoid a translation of China's morbid anti-Western hostility and fervent ideology into military terms. This may involve a reduction of Western influence in the area, but we should accept the fact that there China has rather more legitimate security interests than we do. If Cuba is a gadfly to America's security, then so are Vietnam and Formosa to China's.

For the time being, we should support genuine neutralist governments in the disputed countries. That will conform to China's own requirements; and then in the long run we may hope for an easing of Chinese hostility toward the West. But the West must persist in showing its good intentions toward China—even if the gestures are initially rejected. The wholesale change in Chinese leadership from a revolution-scarred veteran clique to a younger and less intransigent second generation cannot be long delayed. The Chinese have begun to complain of a dearth of "revolutionary successors." It would be folly for the West to give the new leadership, which may already be waiting on the side lines, grounds for a new militancy.

Legalized Gambling

The Dreams & the Realities . . . Milton R. Wessel

New York City's proposal to legalize off-track betting moves closer to reality this January as the Democrats, its perennial champions, take control of the legislature in Albany. I do not propose to discuss here the moral or social issues involved in gambling and the extension of gambling, but only the practical aspects. Is legal off-track betting mechanically workable and will it accomplish the things its proponents claim for it? The answer is an emphatic No.

It is claimed: (1) The legalization of off-track betting will virtually eliminate the bookmaker by destroying his illegitimate business; (2) it will thus remove the bookies as an occasion of corruption for police and public officials; and (3) it will annually reward the city and state with $100 million each as their shares of the take—a luscious $200 million kitty that *could* be used to build new schools and hospitals.

But in truth New York's off-track bet plan, if enacted into law, will accomplish none of these things. Indeed, it may produce very nearly the opposite, bloating the bookie to even larger size, increasing official corruption, and failing to bring in anything like the anticipated net revenue, at least after hidden costs are considered.

It is clear (few experts in law enforcement, I think, would disagree) that mere legalization of off-track betting will *not* eliminate the underworld professional gambler. This prediction is based upon financial statistics assembled by law-enforcement agencies in their years-long battle with gambling.

The public suffers from two delusions: it sees horse-race betting as the major source of underworld gambling revenue, and it feels that this cash flow does not matter a great deal, that it is a pittance the $2 bettor pays for his pleasure. Those of us who have worked in law enforcement know, on the contrary, that illegal gambling provides the "war chest" of the underworld—a treasury that, by the most careful estimates, amounts to a gross $10 *billion* a year. This is no minor fee paid by the public for a moment's vicarious thrill, and it accomplishes no minor evil. A full half of this enormous booty goes to corrupt police, politicians and other public officials. Does this slush fund come just from horse racing? By no means.

The New York State Commission of Investigation, in a sweeping series of raids during the fall of 1959, seized the actual account books of underworld gambling operations and so was able to pinpoint the sources of gambling cash. A resulting study showed the following: (1) baseball gambling represents 50 *per cent more money* than horse-race betting; (2) football betting is *one-third larger* than horse racing; (3) even basketball, though the game has been marred by repeated fix scandals, represents nearly as large a betting handle as do the horses. In addition, there is an enormous play on the numbers (policy) and a smaller, but substantial play on boxing and hockey.

Even this breakdown of the gross cash flow does not sketch the full picture. The gross profit to the gambling fraternity is lower on horse racing than on many other forms of gambling. In general, according to the best available information, the bookie keeps, for example, only about 15 per cent of the cash bet with him on the races, but he retains 40 per cent of the money played on the numbers and 25 per cent overall (as high as a staggering 92 per cent on pools) of the money wagered on football.

Although really accurate statistics are impossible to come by (bookies are reluctant to report to the Department of Commerce), when these percentages are translated into dollar figures, a national tally sheet might read like this:

Excluding some $4 billion bet an-

Milton R. Wessel was in charge of a two-year nation-wide investigation of organized crime and law enforcement. He was also chief federal prosecutor of the 1959 Apalachin "Mafia" trial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

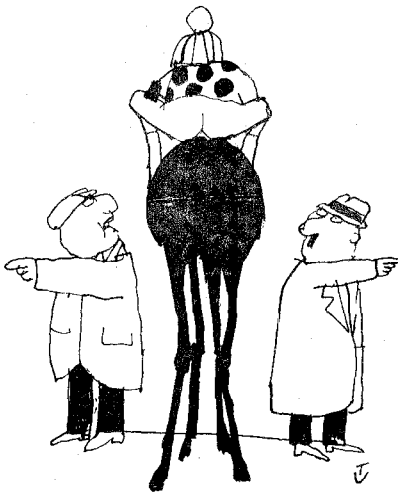
nually in legal and illegal gambling casinos, the total cash turnover in illicit gambling operations nationally comes to some $46.5 billion a year. Out of this huge flow, the underworld's gross profit amounts to some $9 billion ($10 billion if the casino and other incidental take is included). Of this, some $3 billion comes from football, more than $2 billion from baseball, some $1.6 billion from policy—and only $1.3 billion from horse racing. This is the reality, and even a grade-school arithmetic student should be able to conclude that no bookie in the city of New York is going to close up shop just because legalized off-track betting (granting all the claims of its advocates) has deprived him of about one-seventh of his overall profits.

The fantasy becomes even more absurd when one examines in detail the proposals of the New York plan. It provides, to repeat, for the legalization of only *off-track horse-race betting*. And even for this, it sets down conditions that are almost completely at variance with the customs and habits of the gambling world.

As originally conceived, the New York off-track plan would have permitted only cash transactions, with bettors coming into official betting parlors of banklike décor and atmosphere. This picture was too absurd even for the plan's sponsors, and last year provisions were slipped into the proposed bill to authorize credit betting. Even so, all the New York proposals to date have fallen far short of offering the kind of enticements that are the stock in trade of the underworld bookmaker. The state's Select Bi-Partisan Committee on Off-Track Betting put this accurately in its 1964 report:

> *It is clear that the proposed New York City Plan would not offer the present off-track bettor the services provided by the bookmaker. Such services include privacy, betting by telephone or runner and a variety of action betting such as two, three, and four-horse parlays, round robins, straight if bets, if and reserve bets, back-to-back and others.*

This means that the illegal bookmaker would still be able to compete even in the field of off-track betting. And if—as most certainly would occur if policing were not tight and complete—the legal shops tried to compete with the many



service extras offered by the bookies, law enforcement might well be faced with increased corruption.

In such a competition, the legal shops almost certainly would have to recruit in the underworld, for only the underworld has produced in sufficient numbers personnel with the required experience. When Las Vegas needed gamblers who knew how to run big casinos, it went to the training halls of Cicero and other underworld fiefs. Similarly, it may be safely predicted, New York off-track bet shops would be compelled to seek the aid of the very characters they are supposed to run out of business, and with this kind of management wheeling and dealing under official auspices it could be guaranteed that there would be much succumbing to temptation—temptations to sell to minors, to pick up the telephone, to use runners and give credit and to take special bets, to name a few. Payoffs to police and other public officials to countenance these seemingly minor infractions could rise to tremendous amounts.

Nor would this be the sum of the problems. The current plan is a local-option proposal. If the legislature approves it and if the voters of the five boroughs endorse it (as presumably they would, since they voted 3 to 1, in effect, for off-track betting in the preferential referendum), New York City would have legal off-track gambling. But Westchester County might not have, Nassau might not have; and the suburban counties of northern New Jersey, across the Hudson, certainly will not have. Even assuming that local law enforcement managed to quiet its local basket of eels, it would still be confronted with the problem of illegal shops set up just outside its borders and fattening on the "action" that legalization is certain to make even more profitable than it is today.

For it has been clearly established, in every city, every state, every nation where gambling flourishes, that gambling begets more gambling. The more it is legalized, the more it acquires an aura of respectability, and the more of it there is. From this standpoint, the legalization of off-track betting in New York City is almost certain to prove a tremendous boon to the bookies and the underworld.

Anyone inclined to question this forecast need only look at the record. The modern wave of gambling in America rolled in during the mid-1930s when state after state, hard hit by the depression, legalized parimutuels at the race tracks. The arguments then were the ones being advanced today: Gambling is a human instinct; people should have the right to bet; if gambling were legalized at the tracks, the public could go there and satisfy its urge. The bookies would be eliminated, and the police whom they had been paying off would no longer be corrupted. The improvement in public morality would be sensational—and millions of dollars in extra revenue would be painlessly extracted from the bettors' pockets, to relieve the crush on the poor, overburdened taxpayer.

It has never turned out that way. Persons who wanted to bet on the horses did flock to the tracks and did bet huge sums through the parimutuel system. But it also developed that the worker who could go to the track and bet only on Saturday had his gambling instinct whetted—and the first thing anyone knew, he was betting with his favorite bookie on the other five days of the week. The New York State Commission of Investigation demonstrated in 1959-60 how legal gambling stimulates illegal gambling away from the track. In every city and town the state raiders hit, the seized records of bookies showed that racing business invariably flourished during periods when a nearby track was operating, and fell off when this stimulus was removed.

Gambling is less an instinct than a habit, and widespread legalization

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helps more and more persons to acquire it. The legislature's committee on off-track betting studied the effects of legalization in England, Australia and New Zealand, and discovered that in every instance legalization had been a boon to all types of betting. Persons who had never gambled before found it easy to do so and quickly became daily addicts. The manager of the largest lay-off bank in England estimated for state investigators that the number of persons interested in betting "tripled or quadrupled" after legalization. In New Zealand, the consensus was that new bettors had increased by 25 per cent; in the Australian provinces of Victoria and Queensland, where betting had been legalized, it was agreed that 20 to 25 per cent of bettors were new customers.

It is safe to predict that if legalized off-track betting comes to New York City the effect will soon be a far larger play on baseball and football games—and the numbers. And the problem of law enforcement, instead of being made easier, will get even more difficult than it already is—to say nothing of the problem of keeping the legal shop clean.

Even without taking into account the added millions that will be available for bribery, without trying to estimate the physical difficulties of trying to police legal gambling and squelch the illegal, law enforcement will have been dealt a blow in one of its most sensitive areas—that of citizen acceptance and participation.

"If it's legal to bet on horses off the track, why isn't it all right to bet on baseball?" the average citizen will ask, even more than he does today with respect to the on-off-track gambling distinction. And he will go on to argue, depending on the individual and his preference, that it is also all right to bet on the fights, to play the numbers, to pump the slot machines, to gamble at a casino. Inevitably, a public so conditioned to betting will look with even greater contempt, if not outright disapproval, at any public moves against any form of gambling.

The result, I submit, would therefore be to magnify our current and already extremely serious law-enforcement problems. The bookie will not be eliminated; he will become wealthier and more powerful than ever. Law enforcement will not be purified; it will be rendered less potent than before.

This leaves only a final question: Will the New York City off-track plan produce the $200 million annually in revenue that the city and state plan to split? Even the plan's advocates are beginning to hedge this bet. We are told now that of course the plan will not produce this sum immediately. Costly machinery will have to be designed, and heavy expenses will be involved in setting up the legal bet shops and getting the scheme working. So we must not expect anything like $200 million right away, but *ultimately*, we are assured, the plan will produce this amount—and perhaps much more.

And indeed, it *is* possible—perhaps probable—that the *gross* revenues from legal shops will one day reach and perhaps exceed this figure. Many persons—housewives, graduate students and others—who today rarely if ever go to the races and wouldn't know how to find a bookie if they wanted one, will undoubtedly become converts when they see state-sponsored shops on their street corners. These people could swell the volume of betting far beyond that predicted even by the most bullish proponents of the plan—they would be a whole new class of gamblers.

Even with all this, the *net* to the city and state will never reach the $200 million prediction, for the proponents do not charge against the take the tremendous hidden costs of increased law-enforcement effort and welfare payments to those who can't afford the horses—to say nothing of the cost in human misery. If off-track betting is thought of as a form of taxation, it represents the most regressive type of tax—one that hits hardest those least able to pay.

The real prospect, then, is that we shall have crippled our law-enforcement agencies, and feathered the nest of the underworld, in pursuit of easy revenue whose amount no man can guess, but which is almost certain to be less than the nice, round sums being counted in advance. Even today, with legalized gambling confined to the race tracks where it can be closely policed and supervised, we have created a society in which the average citizen seems unable to understand and to become aroused by commercial crimes. He appreciates that robbery is a crime; that arson, burglary, assault, murder are crimes, but he seems undisturbed by the flow of gambling cash into the hands of the underworld, by the bribery of police and public officials that results, by the infiltration of the underworld syndicates into the ranks of labor, into the management of brokerage houses, hotel and motel chains and other forms of business—to all of which the emissaries of gangdom bring their own peculiar brand of ethics.

The corruption of our society could not have been accomplished on such a colossal scale without the acquiescence and indeed the active participation of the ordinary citizen; it is his money that supplies the gambling "war chest" of gangdom. Only when some of this money flows back into the narcotics trade and a pusher crops up around a school yard, does the average citizen become aroused. Except for this, he seems to regard the commercial crimes of our day — the crimes in which the syndicate plays so large a part, the crimes that are growing fastest in our society—as matters of little moral consequence, "a way of life." [See "The Corrupt Society" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, June 1, 1963.]

If we open the door wider to the spread of gambling, encourage it, foster it, give it the cloak of respectability and acceptance, we shall accomplish one thing above all others—we shall make this underworld "way of life" more extensive, more secure, almost insusceptible to challenge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Desalination

The Politics of Fresh Water . . .

David E. Pesonen

San Francisco

Any society, but especially the Great Society, needs water. The International Atomic Energy Agency estimates that 60 per cent of the earth's land area is arid or semi-arid. It now supports only about 5 per cent of the total population, but with adequate water could accommodate the entire population explosion for the foreseeable future. A society's technology also needs abundant water; like the gross national product, it is an index of industrial advancement. France, for example, requires 322 gallons per capita per day for all uses—municipal, agricultural, industrial; in the United States the figure is 1,700 gallons.

President Johnson probably had his eye on figures like these when he announced last November 25 that sharply increased federal support for pilot plant studies in desalting sea water will be requested from the next Congress. Almost simultaneously, the United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union signed a formal agreement with the Russians to cooperate on research into desalting technology. Recently, the Department of the Interior invited bids for a feasibility study on a 125-million-gallons-per-day (gpd) plant to be built in Israel; and Interior intimated that the first substantial domestic application of nuclear desalting would be a joint A.E.C.-Department of Interior venture with the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California for a 50-million gpd prototype.

Within a month of these developments, signs of discontent have developed in an unexpected quarter. At the annual Atomic Industrial Forum meeting in San Francisco on December 1, Rep. Craig Hosmer, Republican member of the powerful Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, described the desalting program as a federal "pursuit of the Holy Grail."* No great domestic need has been demonstrated, he said, and as for the underdeveloped countries where water happens to be scarce, there is no demand for electricity.

It is unlikely that Congressman Hosmer was really worried about shoving an embarrassment of electricity down the throats of water-hungry populations in underdeveloped countries. His principal constituent is the Southern California Edison Company, and his record in Congress has shown him to be a diligent guardian of all private utility interests. During hearings before the Joint Committee, Hosmer is the member who thumps the table longest and loudest to insure that the A.E.C. witnessess recognize their job: to pump federal funds into private-utility nuclear projects, but to stay out of the reactor business themselves.

Ten years ago, Representative Hosmer was one of those who were "nursing along the saline water program" in the Joint Committee, according to his own testimony last August. But the utility industry appears to have been caught off guard by the sudden Administration emphasis on desalination. The program now being formulated not only promises unlimited water for certain regions; it also offers the Department of the Interior a real hope of achieving its public power ambitions. If the long-range possibilities of desalination materialize, Interior can end-run the private utilities of the Western states and regain much of the ground lost when Congress passed the 1954 Atomic Energy Act. That Act declared it to be public policy to foster peaceful uses of the atom for the general welfare and "to strengthen free competition in private enterprise." For all practical purposes this last phrase is a synonym for "strengthening the investor-owned utilities."

Nuclear desalination promises to ignite the quiescent public-private power feud, and the reason is fundamentally tied into the technology of economic desalting. To produce a significant volume of fresh water from the sea requires vast amounts of energy, the most promising source of which is the atom. But nuclear reactors produce steam that is much too hot for flash distillation, the currently favored salt-removal process. A single-purpose desalting plant would have to waste much of its valuable heat energy in reducing the steam to manageable pressure and temperature. The obvious solution is to run the steam first through an electric generator's high-pressure turbine—as in a conventional nuclear-electric plant—then pipe it into the desalting still. In effect, power and water absorb each other's costs, both by sharing the capital investment and by draining a larger percentage of heat from the reactor's raw steam than either could use separately.

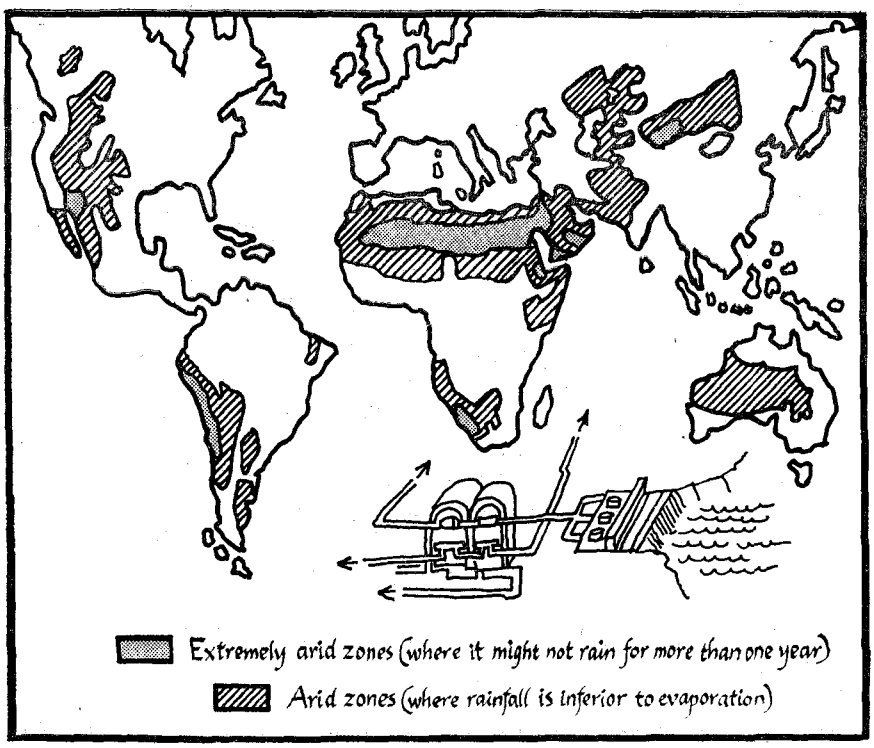
The main thrust, therefore, of the program announced by President Johnson is toward large, dual-purpose nuclear installations, generating large blocks of electricity fairly near load centers that also have the greatest demand for the water. But there is a catch: in most regions of the United States, water is a publicly owned utility service, while approximately 80 per cent of the electricity is generated, transmitted and sold by private utilities. The Pacific Coast, served in part by the government's huge Bonneville, Central Valley and Colorado River developments, receives a much higher percentage of public power than does the country at large. That helps to explain why no industry in the nation is more jealous of its perquisites or more alert to any threats to its franchise than the system of private utilities in the Pacific Coast States.

In recent years, the state utility commissions have not insured full public enjoyment of the enormous developments in generation and transmission technology made since World War II. And they have slipped badly in performing their traditional role of preventing excessive rates

*The A.I.F. is a high-level trade association, related to the A.E.C. much as the Air Force Association is related to the Air Force. Its members are heavily dependent on A.E.C. research and development contracts.

David E. Pesonen is a former consultant on conservation to the California legislature and staff editor for the Sierra Club. In the past two years he has been executive secretary of a citizens' group that successfully opposed construction of a nuclear power plant at Bodega Head.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Extremely arid zones (where it might not rain for more than one year)
Arid zones (where rainfall is inferior to evaporation)

and profits. At least in California, there is a reawakening of public interest in consumer ownership of electric utilities, particularly where they are profiting from the vast research and development programs of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of the Interior.

Huge potential blocks of cheap power from a technologically exotic source—not an abundance of fresh water from the sea—are what have simultaneously whetted the appetites and scared the pants off Congressman Hosmer and the Southern California Edison Company.

Why not, in this situation, resort to dual ownership? Let the private utility own the reactor and generators, the public agency own the desalters, and buy the cooled steam from the utility. Such a compromise was indeed proposed by William R. Gould, vice president of the Southern California Edison Company, speaking at the Atomic Industrial Forum conference. Judging by the audience reception there is good reason to believe that Gould was speaking for the entire utility industry (although the *San Francisco Chronicle* termed his paper "hot" in more ways than radioactively).

It was to be expected that an official of Southern California Edison should represent the industry. Southern California will be the testing ground not only for the technology of nuclear desalination but for its politics as well. Of the several areas suggested by the Department of the Interior for prototype desalination, the metropolitan desert south of the Tehachapi Mountains has the most favorable combination of abundant sea water near big and expanding markets for electricity and water.

Mr. Gould noted that his company had "studied the saline water technologies . . . as early as 1959." Understandably, he found that

> *the optimum situation would result if the local electric utility were to own and operate the electric portions of these combined plants, furnishing at cost to a water agency having local water marketing responsibility, steam sufficient to operate a saline water conversion plant owned by that water agency. This contemplates that the two facilities would be located contiguous to each other. This would make it possible for the water agency to enjoy the benefits of minimum labor costs by having the electric utility organization operate the combined facility as a single plant.*

In other words, municipally owned utility systems, operating in a dozen or so California communities, would not only buy more of their future power supply at the end of privately owned transmission lines; they would for all practical purposes buy their water at the end of a privately owned steam pipe.

This cheek-by-jowl arrangement, according to Gould, would "secure to the electric utilities and water agencies, a preservation of their present roles in our industrial society." And, as for the role of the federal government, it too would continue its traditional function: to "foster, stimulate and guide the development. . . ." This last is an atomic-age euphemism for continued subsidy to the private utilities—in the tradition of the 1954 Atomic Energy Act.

One of the most revealing sections of the Southern California Edison report gave guarded endorsement to a portion of President Johnson's desalination plan—that proposing a small 15-million gpd installation, probably in Southern California. "A solicitation of interest from the utilities in this matter" [for private construction of the pilot plant], Gould noted wryly, "would probably prove fruitful."

Testifying before the California legislature's Assembly Committee on Water, William Warne, director of water resources, stated that the state could save 27 per cent on the cost of power to pump water through the vast California Water Plan by building its own dual-purpose plant rather than buying the electricity from a pool of California private utilities, including Southern California Edison. But Jack Horton, president of the Southern California Edison Company, urged a "go slow policy," according to the *Sacramento Bee*, for "the next eighteen years." (Why eighteen years was not explained.) "At the proper time," Horton said, the state could then choose the cheapest source of power to operate the water plan—say, from a private desalination plant. His argument was based on an involved discussion of the most promising reactor concept to employ; but since the proposed state installation would use a much more sophisticated reactor than the one which Southern California Edison is now constructing for single-purpose electric generation at Camp Pendleton, the argument is a bit hollow. The small plant suggested by the Administration might thus fit happily into the utility scheme of things. What they need, above all, is time to regroup.

The utility position, in short, is an old wolf in new sheepskin: the familiar, and discredited, "partnership" scheme by which Western

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

utilities have often tried to emasculate publicly financed power projects.

The last major proposal for public-private "partnership" in power generation was crushed by Congress in 1959. This was the federal multipurpose dam on the Trinity River in Northern California, where the Pacific Gas and Electric Company proposed to install the generators within the government-built dam and distribute the hydroelectric power. In effect, the company would have received practically free falling water (the water was destined for irrigation through federally constructed canals in the Reclamation systems of the Central Valley). A group in the Senate, headed by the late Clair Engle and Republican Thomas Kuchel, was able to fend off the PG & E proposal. Thus the most recent experience with a "partnership" generating scheme has not been encouraging to California utilities. Federal and municipal power advocates still have political muscle, and the argument that a partnership desalting proposal would simply exchange subsidized splitting atoms for subsidized falling water is too cogent for comfort.

But the remarks of Congressman Hosmer, Mr. Gould and the utility industry's trade journals suggest that a serious campaign is being mounted to assure that a defeat such as on the Trinity River is not repeated. The stakes are much higher in desalination; it is conceivable that eventually all additions to electrical generation capacity in the Pacific Southwest will be "surplus" from desalination plants. In any event, there will be big blocks of power to sell in established markets. The pattern of control that is established in Southern California could shape arrangements for the rest of the program as it moves further into the dry Southwest.

Public power organizations in recent years have had difficulty maintaining effective political opposition to private power ambitions. Part of the problem may be that the "free enterprise" mythology — augmented by a massive and savage public relations campaign (ads equating public power with the Berlin Wall) —is more persuasive among the general public today than during the thirties, thanks to almost twenty years of the cold war. [See "Utility Stock Options: Executive 'Incentive' v. Public Interest" by Senator Lee Metcalf, *The Nation*, September 28.]

But another serious barrier to such public power organizations as the Rural Electric Cooperatives and the American Public Power Association is the public failure to appreciate the profound implications of harnessing the atom.

When power-water installations begin springing up overseas, the public-private question will not arise, since virtually all the countries where the need is greatest also enjoy full public ownership of electric utilities. Water distribution is traditionally (though not invariably) a public utility because of the obvious and universal need for water. It is not yet so apparent, but an industrial civilization is almost as dependent on electrical energy as it is on water. And as automation continues to take over, electricity—the essential ingredient for control and communications systems—will fill an even more critical niche in our spectrum of basic needs.

Such an outline of the prospects is probably not to the private utilities' liking. Certainly Southern California Edison, the first company which will be confronted with a large block of power from a desalting plant, would prefer that the issue remain quiet while a "partnership" proposal gains momentum. So far the Johnson Administration has acted as though the controversy inherent in desalination didn't exist. But eventually there will be a reckoning, and consumer power interests should be prepared to cope with it. The private utilities may have been caught momentarily off guard, but they will rally.

The Ecumenical Council

Empire to Commonwealth . . Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Much bitterness surrounded and penetrated the third session of Vatican II. "The Council Has Retraced Its Steps"—"Always More Infallible, Pope's Address Disappoints Progressives"—such were the headlines one could read in independent Roman papers, while the French *Le Monde* characterized the atmosphere in which the Council closed as one of "tired irritation," even if attended by a feeling of satisfaction with the work accomplished.

But the criticism of outsiders was as eulogy compared to the estimates voiced by the Council fathers themselves. Compromises, proposed by the working commissions to circumvent what seemed to divide the fathers beyond hope of agreement, ended up by satisfying no one, and became targets for facile attack and even ridicule. Thus the decree on Revelation, which skillfully manages to say nothing that would clarify the issue between "fundamentalists" (who accept only the Scriptures as source of Revelation) and "traditionalists" (who would add a second source in the history and tradition of the Church) was given the name, *Eunuchus Major*, by a spirited Monsignor, while another father, Monsignor Antonio Romeo of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, went so far as to define the whole Council as "a sinister farce acted out by 3,000 good-for-nothings, some of whom, despite the gold crosses hanging on their chests, don't even believe in the Holy Trinity or the Virgin" (Sanche de Gramont, the New York *Herald Tribune*, November 21).

Though such language may detract from those who use it more than from the event it tries to describe, there was real occasion for irritation. More than once the Pope resumed his Hamlet role—or, to put it in positive terms, his efforts to bridge the gulf between the overwhelmingly large majority of "progressives" and the handful of die-

Elisabeth Mann Borgese's most recent book is Ascent of Woman (*Braziller*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard conservatives seemed at times overzealous.

An Ecumenic Council is no parliament in which a defeated minority may hope to gain a winning majority tomorrow. The ecclesiastic minority, once overruled, is overruled forever and must bow to decisions that become irreversible dogma. This explains and justifies the efforts to achieve unanimity rather than mere majorities. But even so, in more than one instance the Pope appeared timid, lacking the confident determination, the sweeping force of conviction of his great predecessor. Take two examples.

The place of the Virgin Mary in Catholic theology had already been debated during the second session, when it was decided that the figure of the Virgin should be reduced to the dimensions she had in the Gospels. But the "maximalists," or mariolaters — mostly Spaniards, Easterners, Latin Americans—resumed their attack early during the third session, and a series of curious new epithets were proposed for the mother of Christ: Mary "the Aqueduct," "the neck" of Christianity, "the Jacob's ladder." This campaign did not get very far. The majority of Council fathers warned once more against exaggerated devotion to Mary; they considered it a stumbling block to closer cooperation with non-Catholic Christians. Failure to bestow a new title of honor on Mary could not be considered an offense, the fathers argued, whereas the bestowing of such a title would be, in the best of cases, controversial. Thus Chapter 8 of the schema, De Ecclesia, as finally adopted, went a long way to explain the Virgin's role in terms that should not estrange Protestants nor encourage the Catholics to excesses of mariolatry.

Why, then, did the Pope choose to undo single-handedly what the Council had achieved "collegially"? The repeated references to the Virgin Mother in his closing address, his effusion of thanks to her for the successful conclusion of this session, seemed exaggerated; her proclamation as "Mother of the Church" seemed gratuitous, to put it mildly. The new epithet even lends itself to ridicule. For if, as Catholics have been taught thus far, the Church is the mother of the believers, and if now Mary is the mother of the Church, this makes her, according to Bishop Mendes of Guernica, "the grandmother of the believers."

Even more irritating, and more reminiscent of Elsinore, was the Pope's action with regard to "collegiality," the move to give the bishops a legislative function in the government of the Church. It is his very own creature, and by far the most important result of these years' labors, but from the beginning the Pope could be seen zigzagging on a line of alternate emphases. Now he stressed "collegiality," the definition of which was left to the bishops; now he fell back on infallibility and the supremacy of his own office.

And what about the following episode, reported and fully documented by the *Informations Catholiques Internationales* of December 1? During the last days of October, the single chapters of De Ecclesia were put to the vote—including the third chapter, which is the one that defines the concept of "collegiality." To everybody's amazement, the chapter passed at first reading, with an overwhelming majority. Some observers suspected that this success was due to an accompanying "note," part of the report of the preparatory commission, which goes a long way to attenuate the dogmatic significance of the collegiality decreed by Vatican II. But the note, after all, was not a decree.

Hence, it is easy to imagine the consternation of the majority when, on November 16, Monsignor Felice announced, "in the name of the Highest Authority," that the note must be considered "as adequate and necessary criterion for the explanation of the theological doctrine contained in the chapter."

When Chapter III came up for final approval, however, no reference was made to the "note," and the fathers voted, trusting they knew what they were doing. Only forty-six fathers out of 2,146 voted against. The following morning, Monsignor Felice found occasion to mention, quite casually, that the "note" was "still valid"; more than that, and again according to the Highest Authority, it had passed into the Acts of the Council.

This smacks of petty politics. So did, according to many progressives, the withdrawal of the declaration on religious liberty, and the last-minute modifications to the schema on Ecumenicism. On the other hand, such gestures as the proclamation of Mary as mother of the Church, or the donation of the tiara to the poor, smack of demagogy.

The ancient Romans used to say "the Senators are good, but the Senate is a beast." In view of such happenings, one feels tempted to reverse the saying: "the fathers may be small, but the Council is very great." For even those most critical of details agree that the session as a whole marks a decisive step in the direction of Pope John's great design.

The meaning of collegiality and of the Senate of Bishops was discussed more fully last year in these pages [*The Nation*, January 13, 1964]. Here it is enough to recapitulate briefly: The Senate of Bishops —the creation of which is merely a question of time now that the concept of collegiality, whatever its precise meaning, has officially and irevocably been adopted by the Council—has a historic importance that simply cannot be overrated. It means the end of political supremacy by the conservative Roman Curia, and the end of Latin predominance. The Senate of Bishops is an embodiment of universality; it is the organ that expresses the transformation of the Church from empire to commonwealth, throwing it open to the accession of new members from without (the ever more organic cooperation with Orthodox and Protestants) and to a process of democratization within. All other aspects of the great *aggiornamento* seem to converge on collegiality, and there is something wonderfully organic about this whole reform.

To the new unity between Pope and bishops corresponds, in the wider sphere, the new unity between clergy and laity. According to classical theology, these were two classes, two orders. "The clergy commands, the layman obeys," was the definition given by the *Dictionnaire Apologetique de la Foi Catholique*, and Pius X had written, "The Church is essentially a society of unequals, that is, a society comprising two categories of persons: the shepherds and the herd. . . . As far as the mass is concerned, its only duty is to let itself be led." (Encyclical *Vehementer.*) But in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

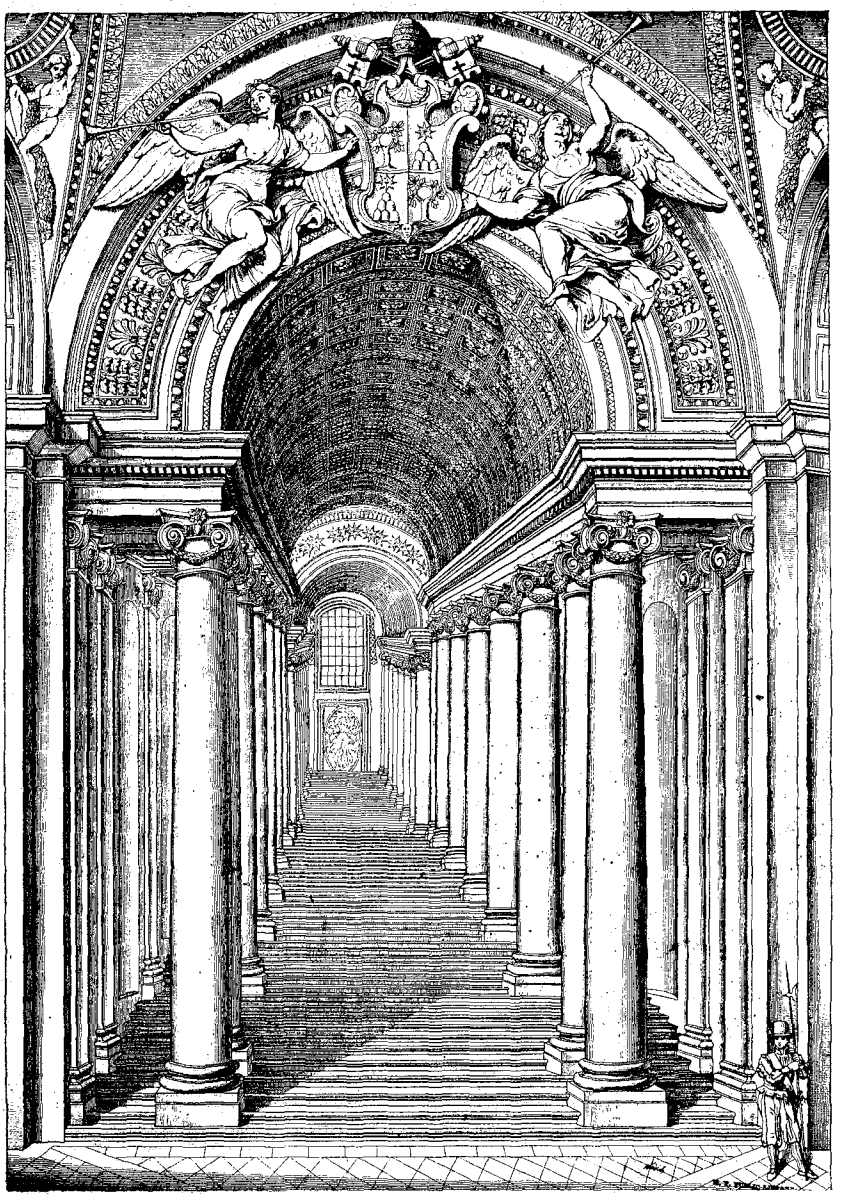
second chapter of De Ecclesia, laity and clergy are united in the concept of "people of God," just as bishops and Pope are united in the third chapter in the concept of collegiality. The Church as "mystical body" that emerges from Vatican II succeeds the Church as juridical body defined in Vatican I, which still held with Cardinal Bellarmino that the Church is a body of men as visible and palpable as the organization of the Roman people or the Republic of Venice.

Strictly connected with the institution of the Senate of Bishops and with the new apostolate of the laity is the projected reform of the Curia. Its displacement as a whole from a policy-making to an administrative function follows from the institution of the Senate. The reform in its internal composition follows from the new role of the laity. It is only in the context of the "apostolate of the laity" that proposals like the one advanced on October 8 by Archbishop D'sousa of Bhopal, India, become plausible: "Why should it always be a priest who represents the Church in diplomatic circles?" According to the Archbishop, qualified laymen should become Vatican ambassadors and ministers.

The juridical or sociological significance of collegiality is founded on the mystical nature of the Church, which expresses itself in liturgy. The apostolate of the laity is founded on the ontology of grace, expressed and nourished by this liturgy.

That was the meaning of the "concelebrative" inaugural Mass of September 14, which the outsider could follow on television. The bishops gathered around the Pope, writes Father Balducci in the above-mentioned essay, "annulled twenty centuries of noisy history. They were the apostles gathered around their head . . . they were the visible form of the invisible community, the vital center of the People of God. They made visible to all the true essence of the Church: which is the Eucharistic celebration in the expectation of the Lord's return . . . the communion, not so much juridical as real and vital, between apostolic college and eternal Christ, between episcopal college and apostolic college, between Bishops and the successor to Peter, between priests and Bishop, between priest and faithful."

In the vertical perspective, the Senate of Bishops thus embodies the unity of Pope and bishops, of clergy and laity, in one People of God. In the horizontal perspective, it embodies universality, Ecumenicism, the opening of the dialogue with non-Catholic Christianity, with non-Christian religions, with the non-religious modern world.



Royal Staircase of the Vatican

The Declaration on the Jews is an essential part of this dialogue, even if its immediate effect was somewhat spoiled by the haggling about phrases, the politicizing, the sopping to Arab governments, that took place between debates and behind the stage. The memory of these small things will perish, the declaration will remain.

How difficult it must have been for the Church to wrench this declaration from the background of its tradition can be measured by looking into this tradition, as was recently and competently done by an Israeli journalist, Pinchas Lapide, in the pages of *Le Monde*. Even without going back to the early fathers of the Church, one of whom (Chrysostomus) defined the Synagogue as "a place of prostitution, an abode of vice, a refuge for the devil, a shelter for impure beasts," it is enough to remember St. Augustine, who compares the people of Israel to Cain, "condemned to vagabondage on this earth for all eternity," and St. Thomas Aquinas who accuses the Jews of the twofold crime of having crucified Jesus, the Son of Man, and of having crucified the Christ in God. What will be the consequences if the teachings of these great teachers of the Church

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are reversed on any single point?

It is estimated that between 6 and 7 million Jews perished at the hands of Christians during the first 1900 years of our era. Just about that many were murdered by the Nazis during the brief span from 1933 to 1945. And the Church, though undoubtedly seeking to alleviate individual destinies, kept mum as an institution. Worse, even, it negotiated concordats, trying to bolster the Nazi-Fascist regimes against communism.

These relations between the Holy See and the Third Reich were brought to public awareness everywhere by the sensational revelations of Saul Friedmann and Jacques Nobecourt and by their dramatization in Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, whose renown far exceeded its literary merits. Certainly these events stimulated the drafting of the declaration. But, like so many advances, this declaration owes its existence to an outward, more or less coincidental, occasion and an inner *raison d'être*. If the outer occasion was provided by these recent polemics, the inner reason is given by the dialogue between peoples, a dialogue that must be as essential as it is universal, ready to shed what is divisive and return to the common source.

Another, essential part of the dialogue is the declaration on religious liberty, on the freedom of conscience. For how can there be any dialogue at all with people whose right to exist is not sincerely recognized? There was something elemental about this collision between a small minority of fathers coming from countries where Catholics are a majority and the large majority of fathers coming from countries where Catholics are a minority. In the world at large, obviously, the Catholics are a minority. Without religious freedom they could not practice their faith, they could not live, they could not grow. On a practical level, accordingly, about 98 per cent of the fathers agreed that it was opportune, in step with the times, to advocate this freedom —as it had been opportune, in step with other times, to deny it. The small minority living in Catholic countries would have to pay the price. The time of concordats, of privileges, of political power for the Church, by and large, is over.

But the Council wanted to do more than lay out a strategy of survival. If religious liberty has to be decreed, it must be done as more than an accommodation. The Council set out to explore the theological basis of liberty, and it was on this level that the real trouble started, and the whole edifice began to totter. For how is it possible to reconcile the natural right of every individual to freedom of conscience with the supranatural right of those who hold the revealed truth to propagate this truth? Tolerance, not for error, but for those who err, is the concept that the conservatives want to substitute for that of "liberty." The text prepared by the Secretariat, comments Father Congar in his *Bloc-notes* (*Informations Catholiques Internationales*, October 15, 1964) "wants to go beyond this construction, this perspective, which claims a privileged position for itself and accepts tolerance for the others. The text searches for a principle that should be applicable to all. Will this be possible, without incorporating in the new doctrine those parts of the old one that are still viable? . . . Will it be possible for the Catholic Church to renounce the affirmation that in this domain there exist not only the rights of Man, but also the positive right of God? This, it seems to me, is the difficult problem now before the Secretariat."

In one more Hamlet-like gesture, and despite the fierce fight put up by the American hierarchy under the admirable leadership of Cardinal Cushing (which, on the whole, brought the Americans at the Council from the rear guard they occupied during the first session to the most advanced ranks of the *avant garde*), the Pope withdrew the declaration, and no vote was taken. It is an easy prophecy, however, that it will be officially adopted at the beginning of the coming, and last, session. For it is an organic part of this whole process of *aggiornamento*.

The issue raised by Father Congar, touching on the relation between old and new, between conservation and renovation, is bigger even than the issue of liberty. It runs right through the whole great debate of this Council. It recurs more than once in the discussion of Schema XIII: on the Church in the Modern World. The Church has the deposit of faith, and this cannot change, Archbishop Shehan of Baltimore declared in this context on October 22. The Church's defined doctrine cannot be reformed. But she has progressed and must progress both in her doctrine and in her structure. Quoting Cardinal Newman, he said that "the power of development is the proof of life. . . . We should not fear being accused of perverting the traditional teaching of the Church. We must both hold onto tradition and insure progress while applying both tradition and progress to the signs of the times." (Concilio Ecumenico Vaticano II, *News Bulletin* No. 28.)

The framework of this discussion of the Church's place in our times was imposing. It ranged from war and peace, science, conscientious objection, hunger and poverty and racism and Marxism to the position of women in the modern world and the evolution of the family.

Some of the interventions were interesting. One might single out one—not much publicized by the American press but widely commented on by the Communists—from the young Spanish Monsignor Guerra, on Marxist atheism. If Vatican II wants to discuss atheism, he said, "it must penetrate into its innermost essence, it must understand its reasoning and its aspirations." Marxism does not represent a plain and vulgar form of materialism. Marxism is atheist because atheism constitutes an indispensable part of its world view. It believes in the necessity and adequacy of natural reality, while religion, or idealism, projects man outside himself. It alienates him, it impedes his liberation. Man thus far has not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realized all his powers. He is still alienated, an easy prey to idealisms, but a day to come will bring the liberation of man—within the natural order. Thus this atheism is not a denial, but the *profession of a humanism which has its own eschatology*, Monsignor Guerra said. Without polemics, without apologetics one must discern in atheism its positive elements: for example, its realism. Christianity is not an abstract system. We must rid ourselves of ways that alienate and detract, time and again, from the validity of our action.

Who has ever before heard such language within the walls of St. Peter?

But on the whole the discussion on Schema XIII was immature. The "progressives" were sadly divided on the issue of war and weapons of mass destruction. Certain representatives of the American and British hierarchies were accused of talking "like the State Department and the Foreign Office" (*Herald Tribune*, November 13). No bridge was thrown across the gap dividing those bishops who consider nuclear war "criminal" and want a condemnation of the unrestricted arms race, and those who still shield themselves behind nice distinctions between "just" and "unjust" wars, "clean" and "dirty" bombs. Nor was there any bridge in sight to bring together the Octavianis and Brownes on the one side, who still consider procreation the foremost sacred end of the family and exhort married couples "to trust in divine providence," and leaders like Cardinals Suenens and Léger or the Melkite Patriarch Maximos who, for practical and doctrinal reasons alike, urge a frank and profound reexamination of the whole concept of the family in the modern world. No bridge between faith and science, tradition and progress; and the problem of how far the Church should go to accommodate itself to the modern rationalist approach to material problems without diluting dangerously the Church's mystical transcendent content, remained unsolved.

One observer predicted that quite conceivably a period of confusion would follow this period of reforms, "while the new barrels would be readied to receive the new wine." It seems to me that the "new barrels" are in pretty good shape. They are defined in the Constitution on the Church and on Ecumenicism. But the "new wine" is not ready. It is still fermenting in the four chapters—especially the fourth—and the annexes of Schema XIII.

It is, of course, always arbitrary to distinguish between "form" and "content." They determine each other reciprocally; they are one and indivisible, and in the case of the Church that is particularly striking. The organic structure outlined in these pages is made of dogma, of theology. The dogmatic and pastoral discussion to come will be conditioned by that structure.

Yet the emphasis may be more on the one or more on the other. It may be legitimate to say that the Constitutions on the Church and on Ecumenicism put a greater stress on the structural; Schema XIII will put more emphasis on substance, on dogma. And it is also plausible that while a council, a constituent assembly, can give birth to a document of structural, constitutional renovation, the elaboration of a new world view—which is what Schema XIII should furnish—calls for individual great minds. Not a great council, but great fathers are needed for its completion. Do they exist? If they exist will they be given a hearing? Only if they do can theology become once more "one of the means whereby the Church contributes to human progress," as Father Fernandez, Master General of the Dominican Order, demanded in his criticism of the Schema as it now stands. Such a contribution to human progress would be one step beyond John's aim of *aggiornamento*, which means simply "bringing up to date." But *aggiornamento* cannot be conceived in a static sense; for, as Cardinal Frings put it (I.C.I., December 1, 1964), "the Church must either grow or it will shrink. There is no middle way, no *status quo* can be maintained in a world that is in a continuous process of change." Whether the Church will succeed is another question. Without the *aggiornamento* achieved with this session it would have been impossible. Now it is possible, but by no means certain.

Russia's Courts of Public Pressure

Robert S. Sharlet

One of the fruits of de-Stalinization (recently reaffirmed by the new Kremlin "administration") is the major revival of the "Comrades' Court," an early Soviet tribunal originally conceived to hasten the "withering away" of Soviet law into an ambient code of morality. The Comrades' Court is not an arm of the law in the sense that a People's Court is part of the Soviet judicial system. It is an elected social organization, charged with the mission of instilling in the Soviet citizen the "ethical maximum" of Soviet society. Comrades' Courts meet in factories, apartment houses and universities, as the occasion demands, to consider moral lapses or minor legal offenses by co-workers, neighbors or fellow students. The gamut of offenses considered includes drunkenness, cursing, wife-beating, "moonshining," illegal practice of medicine and petty theft. The main punitive power of the Comrades' Court is its ability to concentrate public opinion against an offender through a number of "measures of social pressure," including a comradely warning, social reprimand, requirement of public apology, imposition of a light fine and a recommendation of eviction or dismissal. Thus, the Comrades' Court represents the institutionalization of public opinion and the legalization of what in pluralistic Western societies are traditionally social means of control.

The ultimate purpose of the Comrades' Court is to advance the education of the "New Soviet Man." Eventually, Soviet civic education is expected to develop, as I heard one lecturer put it, a "highly cultured and self-disciplined" individual who

Robert S. Sharlet, an American Exchange scholar and Ford fellow, spent the 1963-64 academic year at Moscow University Law School, studying Soviet legal theory. In February, Mr. Sharlet will join the department of political science, University of Missouri.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will give his best effort without need of material incentive and abide by the social norms of the Communist community without threat of legal sanction. Meanwhile, however, the lecturer hastened to add, material incentives and legal sanctions are still necessary for the regulation of Soviet society and the education of the New Soviet Man.

Soviet justice is fashioned into a peculiar fusion of law and ethics as a consequence of this twin task of punishing sinners and fostering saints. The result is a split-level house of justice that straddles Soviet law and morality. The People's Court, sitting in "administrative" session, can enforce the moral norm of "socially useful" work inherent in the "Anti-Parasite" laws, while a Comrades' Court can consider certain misdemeanors when such cases are assigned to its jurisdiction by the local police, procurator or People's Court. This jurisdiction was broadened to include first offenses of petty hooliganism, petty speculation and petty theft by the October, 1963, amendment to the basic Russian Republic law of 1961 on the Comrades' Courts.

Despite the regression to severe penalties for "economic crimes," post-Stalin Soviet law has been marked by an increasing trend from coercion to persuasion as the principal means of regulating Soviet society. Consequently, there is now more emphasis on the educational as opposed to the punitive function of the "parental nature" of Soviet law (to use Harold Berman's apt concept). Finally, this has contributed to a reinvigoration of the early Soviet disposition toward simplicity in the administration of justice. These three developments in Soviet justice have facilitated the delegation of social regulatory power to the Comrades' Courts, thereby increasing their importance as "classrooms" of Soviet society for the education of the New Soviet Man.

The Comrades' Court of Moscow University Law School was required to meet twice during the past academic year to consider two cases assigned to its jurisdiction by the Moscow People's Court. Two law students had been formally charged with "petty hooliganism," a misdemeanor under Soviet law. I attended both of these meetings in order to observe a Comrades' Court in action, note the process of educating the New Soviet Man, and witness the paradox of lawyers as "comrades" judging lawyers as "petty hooligans."

The first case took place in late November of the fall term. The meeting of the Comrades' Court was announced a week in advance by a notice on the Law School bulletin board which stated that the case concerned a "transport incident" involving third-year law student, Comrade M——. The public was invited. The Comrades' Court met in a long, narrow lecture hall on the third floor of the Law School overlooking Herzen Street, a busy Moscow thoroughfare.

The room was filled with rows of wooden desks and chairs. A long table was formed by pulling two desks together and covering them with a green cloth. The "public" drifted in slowly. The Comrades' Court was composed of a law school faculty member serving as chairman, a young law student who headed the Law School *Komsomol* (Young Communist) organization, an older upperclassman, and a law school secretary who participated only as recording secretary. The offender, Comrade M——, sat alone at a front desk. He was a stocky fellow in his mid-20s with a crew cut, dressed casually, and looking pale and disconsolate. The "public" consisted of about twenty law students scattered throughout the room, and the chairman waited a few minutes beyond the hour announced for late-comers.

He opened the meeting by explaining to Comrade M—— his rights. He enjoyed the right to tell his version of the incident, to question any person in the room, and to challenge any member of the Comrades' Court for personal bias. Comrade M—— signified his understanding, and the chairman proceeded to read an account of the "transport incident."

In September, Comrade M—— had been in the distant Virgin Lands of Kazakhstan, along with hundreds of students helping with the harvest and fall planting. In early October, the Moscow University students returned by special trains to the capital, but Comrade M—— had gone instead to his home town in White Russia to visit his sick mother. Before leaving to return to Moscow for the fall term, Comrade M—— joined his father in several farewell drinks. Both were depressed, and when Comrade M—— bade his parent goodby, he was both melancholy and slightly intoxicated. Later, while waiting to change to the Moscow express at a provincial station, he had brusquely forced his way ahead of a line of people in the cafeteria, causing a "scandal." The law student was arrested and charged with "petty hooliganism." After sobering him up, the police permitted Comrade M—— to resume his journey. Their official report of the "transport incident" followed him to Moscow, where his case was assigned to the Comrades' Court of Moscow University Law School.

Having finished the reading, the chairman invited Comrade M—— to comment. Speaking quietly and obviously embarrassed, Comrade M—— corroborated the facts, admitted his guilt, and requested that his preoccupation with his mother's health be considered as a mitigating factor. Dissatisfied, the chairman commented, "You've only given us a literal account of the incident. Do you understand why you're before the Comrades' Court, do you understand the point of this?" Comrade M—— nodded sheepishly, acknowledging that his actions expressed a disrespectful attitude toward society. The chairman went on, concerned now with the defendant's "social" character:

Q. Did you serve in the army?
A. Yes.
Q. What kind of record did you have?
A. A good one.
Q. Are you a member of the *Komsomol*?
A. Yes, I'm a *Komsomol* organizer.
Q. What kind of socially useful work have you done?
A. I've performed *Komsomol* service work, and I've helped with the planting in the Virgin Lands.

The Court then examined Comrade M——'s "personal" habits, inquiring how much, how frequently, and what he drank. It appeared that he was an average social drinker. The chairman invited statements against Comrade M——'s misconduct from the floor. No one came forward, so he asked for statements on behalf of Comrade M——. One after another, five law students went to the front of the room, stated their names, and attested to the offender's good character in their various associations with him as roommate, classmate, fellow *Komsomol*, and co-worker in the Virgin Lands.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The last speaker, summing up, stated that the incident had been an exception to Comrade M——'s usual deportment. Exercising his right to the "last word," the offender concisely but sincerely expressed his contrition.

The Comrades' Court recessed briefly. When it reconvened, Comrade M—— rose and the chairman read the decision, administering a "social reprimand without public announcement" to the offender and delivering a terse "sermon" to the audience. Glancing up to enhance the impact of his words, the chairman exhorted the law students to conduct themselves on a "highly cultured and disciplined" level in their "social" as well as their "personal" lives. The court adjourned without ceremony.

It was still overcoat weather in early April when the Comrades' Court of the Law School met again. A Moscow People's Court had assigned to it the case of Comrade R——, another law student charged with "petty hooliganism."

The court met in the same lecture hall, which was this time crowded with law students. Comrade R—— was a senior in his early 30s, soon to receive his law degree, and he had many friends. He was severe-looking and dressed in a rumpled electric-blue suit. Comrade R—— lived in a Moscow apartment house with his wife and children. He had returned home violently drunk one night and caused a "scandal" considerably more outrageous than Comrade M——'s "transport incident" by beating his wife, driving her and the children into the street, breaking down the door of a neighbor's apartment in which she had taken refuge, cursing the neighbors, and insulting the police who were called to arrest him. Fearing "popular justice" more than the People's Court, Comrade R—— had failed to appear at a previous meeting of the Comrades' Court. His reluctance seemed understandable as he was now confronted by irate neighbors who appeared as witnesses.

Simple working people, these neighbors testified that it was not the first time Comrade R—— had committed such offenses. He had also called them "stupid" in comparison with himself, an educated man. One woman, expressing their resentment, spat out vehemently, "He's worse than a hooligan!" Comrade R—— replied, bitterly railing at his neighbors and asserting that his family problems were his own business. The chairman and a colleague took strong objection to this contention, lecturing both him and the audience on the theme that "No man is free from society." A series of sharp questions by the court gradually elicited from the belligerent offender a partial acknowledgment of his "anti-social" behavior. However, he showed little repentance.

No one in the audience accepted the invitation to condemn the offender's actions. Perturbed, the chairman repeated, "No one has any statement to make, no one at all?" Finally he yielded, and a phalanx of law students rose one by one in defense of their beleaguered classmate. All attested to his good character in the *obshchestvennost'*, or "community," while suavely ignoring his gross misconduct in the *obshchestvo*, or "society at large." Only one person, a woman faculty member, made a balanced statement. She agreed that Comrade R—— deserved being hailed before the Comrades' Court, but suggested that he may have been suffering from the overstrain of simultaneously maintaining a family and studying law full time.

The vehemént neighbor interrupted stridently and intermittently to recall the "facts." Comrade R——, it seemed, was a case of Jekyll and Hyde. In the law school, he was intelligent and industrious, generally considered a "good fellow"; at home he became a wife-beater, an abusive neighbor and thoroughly "anti-social." This contradictory image finally aroused one student who, abruptly jumping to his feet, angrily denounced the offender for his "Biblical relationship" toward his wife, and scornfully criticized his friends for not judging him on the basis of his con-

(Continued on page 68)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter As Hero

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE: The Great Reporters and Their Times. By John Hohenberg. Columbia University Press. 502 pp. $8.95.

Jane Stolle

The foreign correspondent as folk hero disappeared in the ashes of Hiroshima — an unreported victim of the atom bomb. The free-wheeling adventurer, who personally assumed part of the color of the major stories he covered, was already fading away by World War I, but August 6, 1945 marked his final demise.

For almost two centuries, war had been the training ground, and beat, of the foreign correspondent. In fact, war spawned him. Until the French Revolution, metropolitan newspapers depended for their foreign news — what spotty news there was—upon government handouts, out-of-date reprints of foreign newspaper stories, and leisurely letters to the editor from traveling friends of the publisher. The French Revolution, with its social and political upheavals, stimulated a public demand for timely, accurate news, and newspaper publishers were not long in trying to find ways—and men —to provide it. It wasn't easy. Neither Napoleon nor the Duke of Wellington would tolerate the presence of the new breed of camp-followers. No correspondents were allowed to "eyewitness" the Battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless, correspondents and editors hammered away at censors, and developed lines of communication — some by personal ingenuity and some with the help of science—and by the middle of the 19th century, foreign correspondence had grown to a power that could topple governments, and the correspondents themselves had become folk heroes.

Foreign Correspondence is "not a formal history," as the author says in his preface, but a "painstaking exploration of the effect of the foreign correspondent on his times and the influence he has exerted on the jagged course of international relations." John Hohenberg, former newspaper man and author, and now professor at Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, spent four years researching old newspaper clippings, hundreds of history books and journalists' eyewitness accounts, and has pieced together an absorbing history — formal or not — of foreign correspondence since *The Times* of London, on August 27, 1792, first began recruiting personnel for its foreign department through the following advertisement:

> *Wanted immediately, a Gentleman who is capable of translating the French language. In order to prevent trouble, he must be Master of the English Language, have some knowledge of the Political State of Europe and be thoroughly capable of the Situation he undertakes. His Employment will be permanent and take up a considerable share of his Attention. . . .*

That did it. Droves of French-speaking, "thoroughly capable Gentlemen" descended on *The Times*, and consequentially, its competitors, who had to meet the challenge in the foreign-reporting field. From then on, no advertisements were necessary: many would seek what they conceived to be fame and glory, despite the difficulties in making even the first step—getting the story.

For instance, one Peter Finnerty, correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle*, signed on as secretary to the captain of one of His Majesty's warships heading for the Napoleonic Wars. The captain soon found he was harboring a "dangerous spy," and unlucky Finnerty found himself back in England — for eighteen months of prison.

Before the invention of the telegraph, getting the story to the home office took up as "considerable a share" of the "Gentleman's attention" as getting it in the first place. Toward the end of the 18th century, the French army set up a network of tall towers, 6-to-8 miles apart, on every section of the warring nation. Soldiers sat atop them, armed with telescopes and large black signaling cards for relaying coded messages from the outermost tower to Paris. It wasn't long before Charles Havas, an enterprising young Frenchman who founded the powerful news agency, Havas, broke the code, got himself a telescope, and set up his own transmitting apparatus in a horse-drawn carriage. On the final lap to the office, he used carrier pigeons!

War was the biggest story of the 19th century and the correspondents followed it from continent to continent. Some went from war reporting to fame in other fields: Henry Morton Stanley to find Dr. Livingstone, wealth and power in Africa; Winston Churchill to a long life of honored public service, E. L. Godkin to found *The Nation* in America, Rudyard Kipling and Arthur Conan Doyle to world renown in letters.

William Howard Russell of *The Times* of London was the greatest war-hopper of the 19th century and, through his crusading reporting, the most influential. When Russell arrived in the United States to report the Civil War, Mr. Hohenberg quotes President Abraham Lincoln as saying solemnly, "Mr. Russell, I am very glad to make your acquaintance and to see you in this country. The *London Times* is one of the greatest powers in the world—in fact, I don't know anything which has much more power—except the Mississippi." . . .

The Times of London had built up an awesome reputation on the basis of Russell's work in the Crimean War, when his horror-filled dispatches from the battle front caused the fall of the Aberdeen government as responsible for the disastrous conditions at the front. President Lincoln withdrew his welcoming sentiments soon after Russell began writing dispatches favorable to the South, but almost forty years later Russell's King Edward VII knighted him, and murmured: "You must not trouble to kneel, Billy. Stoop!" His crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral reads, "The First and the Greatest of War Correspondents."

Twice premier of France, the indomitable Tiger of World War I, Georges Clemenceau boasted that as correspondent of *Le Temps* he entered Richmond five minutes before General Ulysses Grant and covered Lincoln in the fallen rebel capital.

Other "greats" covering the social and political wars of the 19th century included Theodore Herzl, founder of world Zionism, transcendentalist Mar-

---

Jane Stolle was for several years The Nation's *UN correspondent. Previously, she was foreign correspondent for* The New York Times, *the* New York Post *and* The Irish Independent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garet Fuller — voice in America of Italian independence and reunification, Heinrich Heine and Karl Marx.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, foreign correspondents and their editors exercised greater power over public opinion in the Western world than ever before. Their deeds, their sweeping narratives, their bold assumption of policy-making authority, and above all, the swiftness of their communications gave them a status that none had achieved before and few have achieved since. The very atmosphere of the Victorian era favored them, for it was a time when men strove for glory and empire. A correspondent who went out to tell that story could do just about what he pleased, exercising the utmost freedom and license.

At the turn of the century, that was still true, but by the end of World War I, the "folk hero" was fading. The colorless, factual anonymity of news agencies, censorship, government manipulation of news, propaganda technique, and mechanized methods of warfare — all served to constrict the scope of the foreign correspondent, personally and professionally. Still, there were Floyd Gibbons, Heywood Broun, John Reed and Richard Harding Davis.

Davis, the "hero of our dreams" as a youthful H. L. Mencken called him, had rushed from the Spanish-American War to the Boer War to the Russo-Japanese War where, in 1904, he and his colleagues met for the first time with the modern military censor. The Japanese sent them off on false scents, kept them sitting for weeks before letting them visit the battlefields, limited dispatches to 150 words for the entire group and then, only after the battle was over and the Japanese had won. This conduct went far, Hohenberg says, "toward crushing the most romantic tradition in journalism — the heroic war correspondent." Frustrated, pugnacious Jack London slugged a Japanese groom and had to be extricated from the clutches of Japanese authorities by fast-talking Davis and a cable from Theodore Roosevelt.

World War I again found Davis and his colleagues at the front where they found a new refinement in military censorship. They lived with the officers, usually in chateaux, were treated like princes, allowed to go where they wanted, see what they liked, told the rules for writing a "good" story from the military viewpoint, and then trusted to be their own censors. In case they forgot, the army furnished a final censor. Before the war was over, correspondents fighting the "battle with the censor" won many a skirmish, but the fundamental tone of war reporting from then on had been set. Freewheeling was out.

World War II brought out few veterans of former wars. Now the names were Edward R. Murrow, Leland Stowe, Alexander Werth, William L. Shirer, et al. None but little Ernie Pyle received the status of "folk hero" from the millions of his readers—the "mild and self-effacing Ernie Pyle who hated war and yet gave up his life to it. William Howard Russell proudly called himself the first war correspondent, but Ernie Pyle wanted to be the last."

Pyle's colleagues had some of their finest journalistic hours on the battle front, but they were already a different breed of newspaper man from the war correspondent of the past. Many of them had come up through the ranks of sports writers and agency men, but had developed a wide knowledge—even expertise—of the history-making events of their time. Some of them knew another language than English — usually French, Italian or German—and had worked in the great capitals of the world at one time or another. War was a story, but war was hell.

And there was still another one to come — the Korean War.

By Comparison

O me! What eyes
hath love put in
my head?
They are narrow
and blue. Colley once said
they are slits, like
Lenin's, but blue. Awful. And (I

came upon
who sang 'the rains

of love are falling, falling
within us') yours

are as the Spring
rain, colorless

collecting on the
ground, in

ruts and small holes,
and in the streets

quietly
making itself felt.

Thomas Clark

A few World War II veteran correspondents—dubbed "the retreads"—turned up in Korea, but not many and not for long. After the mushroom cloud rose over Nagasaki, war was an anachronism. The story now was the cold-war story, soon to become the peace story. Most of the foreign correspondents were spread out all over the expanding world, and by their sides was still another generation of foreign correspondent—the young men who were boys when the atom bomb wiped out every war except, perhaps, the last and final one. These sober, serious young men often got their training for foreign assignment by covering the United Nations instead of a battle front. And their potential beats had grown from the traditional peacetime ones of Paris, London and Berlin to include the world's farthest outposts.

Hohenberg quotes Emanuel R. Freedman, assistant managing editor of *The New York Times*, addressing some graduate journalist students recently:

We need young correspondents of good health, energy and ability in Africa, particularly sub-Sahara Africa and East Africa. That is where a great deal of news will be made from now on, and we want good people, trained people, to cover it. Also, we need more young and active correspondents in Southeast Asia, in Indonesia and Malaysia. We want good people, too, who are trained to appreciate the growth of India and Pakistan, and we look just as hard for specialists in Latin America. But they must be trained journalists first.

That is a tall order for aspiring journalists to fill, and for newspaper publishers to place — economists, political scientists and linguists — all rolled up into one trained journalist. Few journalism students will have the financial incentive to prolong their school years, as pre-medical students do; despite publishers' protestations, foreign correspondents are presently underpaid. In addition, the number of newspapers and magazines employing foreign correspondents is decreasing. Though some existing publications are expanding or planning to expand their foreign coverage in order to more adequately report the world story, the correspondents' choice of beat and boss is constricted. With all that recommended training behind them, they may well be tempted to go into business or government. Hohenberg writes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of course there is a remedy; their salaries can be increased.

So, the function of both the foreign correspondent and the requirements of the publisher have been affected by the clouds over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. War, tragically, has not been outlawed altogether, as witness most recently Vietnam and the Congo. But destructive though it is, guerrilla war is not all-out war and does not measurably halt the advance of change that has taken place in the world in the past twenty years. The new breed of correspondent may not acquire the glamour of his folk-hero predecessors, but he'll have to have a formidable set of skills. He must be capable (as the prototype of the great peacetime correspondent James Reston of *The New York Times* has been) of covering world conferences of statesmen and reading between the diplomatic lines, as well as be able to interpret a tribal war in Africa and make it meaningful to the citizens of Tacoma, Wash.

And, of course, just as correspondents and publishers adjusted to the changing world after the French Revolution, so have they adjusted to the post-World War II world, and will continue to do so. That the newspaper profession will continue to lure young men, despite the demands and restrictions placed on them, is also certain. The new breed of foreign correspondents, over a 1 A.M. drink with colleagues at the end of a long working day covering a conference in Addis Ababa, or a cabinet crisis in Saigon, ask themselves — as they always have — why they don't get a well-paying, 9-to-5 job, and settle down. And then they'll begin to talk about the next day's story. There is a deep, difficult to explain love for the profession that keeps most of them there — though they would publicly scoff at such sentimentality. They will continue to prepare ever more adequately for their foreign assignments, and the publishers will somehow pay enough for it.

Wanted: Watchmen for Fourth Estate

FREEDOM OR SECRECY [revised edition]. By James Russell Wiggins. Oxford University Press. 289 pp. $5.75.

Louis M. Lyons

A magazine editor just telephoned to ask where to look for a critic of the press, since Liebling. The vacuum in this strategic area is an interesting condition in a country where communications is such a giant industry and so vital to the citizen who wishes to keep up with public affairs. The Newspaper Establishment has potent hierarchical voices to assert its rights and defend its interests. It serves, rather spottily, as a critic of the competing medium of television, as of all other institutions. But television, the other universal voice, has defaulted in any function as critic of the press. C.B.S. made two tries at this, first in the radio era, in 1951, and again on television for a short time. Don Hollenbeck on radio, and Charles Collingwood and then Ned Calmer on television, provided effective, lively, responsible and informed weekly critiques of the press in New York during these two short intervals. They could not cover the whole American press; the dimensions of this task have balked all attempts. But from the great New York center of publicity, they managed to include the national wire services, the coverage of Washington, the President's press conferences, and the big magazines. Since C.B.S. gave this up, for reasons unstated, there has been no large-scale effort to keep the press under professional scrutiny. Some first-rate criticism has dealt with particular aspects of the press, but it has been sporadic. Ben Bagdikian, former newspaper man, has made some of the most effective contributions. Bernard C. Cohen's book, *The Press and Foreign Policy*, was a searching appraisal of press performance in this specific area. Harry Ashmore has been promoting the idea of a national commission to keep the press under review. Educational television, in its limited field, has made several efforts to appraise press performance and should be encouraged to develop this in a permanent program on its national network. It is certainly essential education.

It implies no hostility to the press to assert that the lack of any serious sustained criticism of so essential an institution is a serious lapse in responsible relationships in a rational society. It is one of the unanswered problems of a democratic community. This lament is inspired by a new edition of James Russell Wiggins' book, *Freedom or Secrecy*. Russell Wiggins is editor of *The Washington Post*, one of the most responsible editors who presides over a distinguished editorial page. *Freedom or Secrecy* was first published in 1956 and has now been extended to cover the years between. Wiggins champions freedom from any government barriers to the free flow of news on public affairs. The secrecy he warns against encompasses the whole range of security, censorship, classification, executive orders, which in one form or another have arisen out of the cold-war climate. He deals also with closed sessions of Congress and other public bodies (38 per cent of Congress committee sessions are closed). His book sounds a tocsin against the danger of government encroachment on the gathering and publishing of news. Eternal vigilance is more than a cliché for the need to protect an open society against closed doors. Wiggins has proved a vigilant watchdog of the constitutional liberty of the press.

But a reader may raise a question of balance and ask whether this is the only issue of the press worthy of the concentrated attention of so important an inside voice in the Newspaper Establishment as Russell Wiggins. His concern over any tendency to encroach upon uninhibited reporting of public affairs is not to be brushed off. But he brushes off a good deal in treating just one side of this issue and the result, I feel, is too doctrinaire and negative a discussion.

The book is basically a *status quo* defense of the press. Government is the villain, the press the guardian angel of our liberties. Wiggins' history of the evolution of a free press makes the book a valuable reference, but it is the elaborate indictment of government as a threat to press freedom which is provocative.

One might wish that there were more crusading in modern journalism, and that an editor might find other targets than government. The great day of the muckrakers is gone, a vital part of our history, not mentioned in Mr. Wiggins' study. Their crusades were chiefly against private interests corrupting government. But they achieved reforms. One of them was

Louis M. Lyons is the former curator for the Nieman Fellowships for journalists at Harvard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Food and Drug Administration. What has the Newspaper Establishment done about that since the late Sen. Estes Kefauver exposed its failure in its function of public protection? No government restriction barred the Kefauver Committee testimony. It was still news when published in *The New Yorker* more than two years later. A magazine editor once told the Nieman Fellows that he was grateful to the newspaper press for leaving so much to the magazines.

Mr. Wiggins brushes off the issue of pre-trial publicity, which has so disturbed the Supreme Court and caused them to reverse murder convictions. The problem was dismally dramatized in the Ruby murder and trial, but Wiggins writes that this was so very exceptional a case that it must not be used as an excuse for imposing any corrective of such abuses:

> *Because other professions have adopted enforceable codes of ethics, lawyers think newspapermen should do so. No association or compact of newspapers in history has ever agreed to such voluntary rules. It is not likely that any ever will.*

This is ducking the whole issue of press responsibility. It is representative of the spokesmen for the press. Editors of *The New York Times* have been saying essentially the same thing since Dallas, simply washing their hands of the issue when they speak on public occasions as responsible voices of the press. One can say that if the total press acted as responsibly as the *Times* and *The Washington Post*, there would be no issue. But does that validate their position that they have no professional obligation to deal with a serious abuse of that other constitutional right, an unprejudiced trial? The Supreme Court of New Jersey has just ruled that prosecutors and police are to be held accountable for issuing any "confessions" or other pre-trial statements of a nature to prejudice the case. This is only half the problem. What response have the spokesmen for the press to make for their side of the problem?

Mr. Wiggins concedes that the United States Supreme Court has virtually abolished any threat to the press from contempt litigation. Last April 9, the Court went as far on libel. In throwing out the Alabama libel judgments against *The New York Times*, the Court gave immunity even to false statements critical of public officials, unless they were proved to be made with malice or in reckless disregard of the facts.

Mr. Wiggins' revised edition acknowledges in its final chapter that there has been impressive improvement in access to public information since 1956. But this concession is confined to a single page and does not affect the tone of the book. Indeed Mr. Wiggins claims this access is offset by "a new climate in the public service and a new relationship between officials and newspapermen."

Neither is new. The relationship that Mr. Wiggins soundly admonishes against is cronyism between newsmen and officials. But this has existed from the beginning. He is right, of course, in demanding that newsmen keep an arms-length relationship with officials to protect their independence and objectivity.

The "climate" he refers to is an attitude of officials who would use the press for their own purposes. There is nothing new in this either. Indeed the very term "news management" was coined in criticism of the operations of John Foster Dulles before Mr. Wiggins' first book was published. Mr. Dulles is not even named in the new revision.

The "news management" issue came to boil in two cases that Mr. Wiggins properly denounces. Both have aspects of security, as do nearly all the "news management" cases; this makes them somewhat less than open-and-shut cases.

In the October, 1962, crisis over Cuba the administration withheld information and issued some equivocal statements. One might hold that the need for secrecy in that acute two-week period of negotiation with Moscow justified this aberration. But nothing justified the defense of it by Arthur Sylvester of the Defense Department—that the government is entitled to use "news" as a cold-war weapon. He quickly had to back down and, so far as I know, no spokesman of government would now defend such a statement. No one would quarrel with Mr. Wiggins' attack on it but to make it the basis of a generalization, after refusing to generalize on the press performance in Dallas, is something else.

The other, the most dramatic and valid case Mr. Wiggins presents, is the government's attempt to manage the news from Vietnam. Over a long period American officials have joined with those of South Vietnam to keep the American people from honest information about the deteriorating situation there. A few lonely correspondents, working against the efforts of their own government to discredit them, did yeoman service in getting the facts through. Their service was recognized by the Pulitzer awards for foreign correspondence last year, to *The New York Times* and Associated Press correspondents in Vietnam.

The offenses against honest reporting in Vietnam were largely by military officials, and these, as Mr. Wiggins sharply notes, have been paralleled by attempts to suppress domestic news, even of motor fatalities on public highways that involved military personnel. A clinical examination of the military mind in relation to the public right to public information would be worthy of Mr. Wiggins' redoubtable talent to inveigh against arrogant abuse of privilege.

But of more relevance to Mr. Wiggins' philosophy is his tortured discussion of the proposition that our press is overwhelmingly conservative, reflecting a dominant business point of view.

> *Perhaps it may be predisposed to support the* status quo. *It would be even more dangerous to have a press that felt no sense of identity with existing institutions at any time. . . . There probably will be a bias in favor of existing institutions in any press except that supported and subverted by external subsidy.*

Could anyone jump farther from one extreme to another—either *status*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quo or subverted—with no reference to the omission of opposition, of criticism, of reform, exposure, of crusading, which was the complaint he undertook to challenge?

He similarly brushes off complaints of emphasis on crime and violence, of triviality, of the charge of "one-party press." The deficiencies of the press cannot be used as an excuse for secrecy by officials, he concludes. Of course not. But can they be excused as of so little consequence as Mr. Wiggins assigns them?

TV And More TV

EQUAL TIME: The Private Broadcaster and the Public Interest. By Newton N. Minow. Edited by Lawrence Laurent. Atheneum Publishers. 316 pp. $5.95.

Desmond Smith

When Mr. Chaseman, the general manager of Westinghouse Broadcasting's radio station, WINS, announced in New York City recently that his station—known in the industry as a "rocker"—was "looking for more intellectuality," he raised a measure of hope among local radio listeners. Nor was this hope entirely abandoned when he subsequently explained that what he had in mind was "Rock 'n' Roll for adults." It is the small victories that count in American broadcasting. The public announcement came at a time when many private broadcasters were unwrapping their Christmas gifts. Easily the most popular gift—in the "joke" category—this year will be a shiny blue book containing the speeches of Newton N. Minow, the now retired Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.

Few broadcasters really care to remember Mr. Minow's twenty-eight-month term of office. It would, however, be a pity if broadcasters fail to take this opportunity to read, in the privacy of their own homes, the speeches Mr. Minow so carefully prepared for their public meetings and conventions. While the FCC is concerned with a multitude of problems involving wire and radio communications—ranging from Comsat to the vast telephone and telegraph industries—Mr. Minow, from the outset, made television his special concern.

Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist *(London).*

It should be remembered that he inherited a largely demoralized, and to some extent discredited, federal agency. The Eisenhower FCC appointees (including the chairman) had previously resigned over conflict-of-interest charges. And, in the two years immediately prior to his appointment, Congress virtually took over the "watchdog" function of the commission. There had been a Congressional investigation into "payola" practices in the broadcasting industry (described by one witness as "The American way of life: you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours"); this was followed by the quiz-show debacle. By 1961, there was plenty of evidence that the American public was rapidly losing its temper at both the behavior of the broadcasters and the "regulation by raised eyebrow" approach of the FCC.

Shortly after his appointment Mr. Minow met with the press. When a reporter asked him what qualified him for the task, he briskly responded: "First, I'm not looking for a job in the communications business, and second, I don't want to be reappointed." Convinced that U.S. television was on its way to being debased and demeaned, he writes in an introduction to this book that he had decided "The most effective and wisest road in the long run was to speak out in the hope of influencing public opinion about television. I knew that people were generally unaware that broadcasting was a public trust, and most of them did not know the extent of their rights to this public resource. I felt that many broadcasters, who naturally had a vested interest in the medium had, in the flush of enormous financial success, too quickly grown complacent and closed their eyes to their responsibilities and trust. I decided to disturb their sleep."

The broadcasting industry's first confrontation with the young lawyer from Illinois was at the 1961 annual convention of the National Association of Broadcasters. The NAB convention is usually held in Chicago, but by design, it takes place in Washington when a new Administration takes office. What the shocked and dazed broadcasting industry remembered from Mr. Minow's address were just two words: "vast wasteland." Importantly, the speech started a public debate. Out of this questioning process the broadcasters began to re-examine their own practices. There was a lighter side. "Dear Mr. Minow," began a letter from a lady in Des Moines, "I have checked three issues of *TV Guide* and I have gone through the TV listings in the daily paper. Would you tell me, please, what is the hour and day for that program you mentioned, *The Vast Wasteland?*"

When a year later Mr. Minow again addressed the NAB convention—this time in Chicago—he told the broadcasters that the two words that he had had in mind on the previous occasion were "public interest." The television networks had already gotten the message. This is evident from a glance at the A. C. Nielsen Company's network tally of "public service" programs (October to January):

1960	*109*
1961	*151*
1962	*152*
1963	*179*

There was, of course, plenty of noisy dissent. An advertising man asked a Detroit audience: "Hasn't the time come to fish or cut Minow?" and further, "Why is television singled out for its abuses while the other media go scot-free by comparison?" It was a fair question. Mr. Minow responded to it in a speech before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco. "Anyone with enough money who wants to make a movie, start a magazine or establish a newspaper can do so without a license from the government. But unfortunately, there are not enough television channels for everyone who wants one."

It is Mr. Minow's contention—the theme runs through all his public speeches—that the real dilemma of American television is that it functions in an economy of scarcity. On the television map of the United States the country is divided into 272 VHF (very high frequency) television markets. Of 272, 132—or almost half—are one-station markets; 69 are two-station markets; 54 are three-station markets, and 17 are markets with four or more stations. Thus, some three-fourths of the television markets do not even have a choice of three stations. Given this situation, restricted competition has resulted in inflated costs which, in turn, has blocked the growth of specialized TV stations that could cater to minority tastes. Congressional enactment, in 1962, of the all-channel TV receiver law—a cause long championed by Mr. Minow—gave the FCC the authority to direct that after April, 1964, no TV receiver be shipped in interstate commerce unless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it can receive all 82 channels (70 UHF, 12 VHF). In a speech before the National Press Club in 1962, Mr. Minow noted: "The present tight twelve-channel system is too small. . . . We will in just a few years have a nation of 200 million people, and if we do not expand television, we will have unnecessarily few people deciding what larger and larger numbers of people will be seeing on television. This is just inconsistent with the way our country has grown."

It is doubtful whether, even in the best of circumstances, the move to light up the 70 UHF channels will have much effect for at least ten years. Yet the broadcasters owe a large debt of gratitude to Newton Minow. One should not be surprised to find the FCC stressing competition rather than regulation in the next few years. Mr. Minow, by effectively pleading for more television not less, has left behind an effective blueprint for its future.

A Career in Consciousness

AESTHETICS. Volume 13 of the Collected Works of Paul Valéry. Introduction by Sir Herbert Read. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Bollingen Series XLV. Pantheon Books. 307 pp. $4.

Richard Howard

If only the Bollingen Series could manage, by some feat of editorial relativity, to publish all fifteen volumes of Valéry's works at one and the same time! As it is, the six impeccably edited and translated collections which have already appeared run the risk of boring, or at least of misleading, by their single-minded emphasis on one aspect of Valéry's thought. No matter how necessary it may be for editorial purposes, the gravitation of texts around the armature of a "subject" (in this case, aesthetics; in others, history, painting, poetry) tends to impoverish, book by segregated book, the opalescent image which an ideal Valéry should assume in the reader's mind: a central stance expressed in a multitude of conflicting and converging occasions. "People seem not to understand, or not to believe—though I've told them often enough—that my work consists for the most part only of *answers* to requests or accidental circumstances, and that without these solicitations or external necessities, it would not exist," Valéry once remarked, and we should respond to this insistence on being random, and let the very heterogeneity of Valéry's production fertilize our interest in what he has to say.

It is curious to recall that in 1930, when Edmund Wilson wrote the first overall account in English of Valéry's achievement—an account which has never been superseded, however partial it may be—he could declare Valéry's prose to be so much less interesting than his verse. At that time, only Malcolm Cowley's 1927 translation of the first volume of *Variété* was readily available in English. It was not until after the Second World War that Knopf brought out *Monsieur Teste* in Jackson Matthew's excellent translation. Now, with the enlarged, foundation-financed perspective available to us of Valéry's writings, we can see that Wilson was wrong. The view fashionable in France today—that Valéry's poetry is a kind of deadly game, an "exercise" as he called it, in truth a *cadavre exquis*, while his volumes of prose swarm with insights into life and thought of the kind we have learned to call "existential"—is closer to ourselves as well as to the truth, if there is a truth in such matters, beyond Gide's assertion that *nothing Valéry wrote could be neglected* and that he is the only European writer, with Goethe, who excelled equally in both prose and verse.

In this last-published volume, there are to be found full-scale, "literary" works like *Man & the Sea Shell,* a meditation on a conch that announces the theme of Valéry's entire "aesthetic" enterprise: "Perhaps what we call *perfection* in art (which all do not strive for and some disdain) is only a sense of desiring or finding in a human work the sureness of execution, the inner necessity, the indissoluble bond between form and material that are revealed to us by the humblest of shells"; there are also lectures like *Philosophy of the Dance* which offer intellectual confidences: "I am a man who has never seen a contradiction—indeed, I cannot conceive of one—between intelligence and sensibility, conscious reflection and its raw material"; and there are heterogeneous pieces (elusive even in French editions) like the remarks on the *Physical Aspects of a Book* which contain sententious aphorisms: "The first obstacle to action is the absence of obstacles."

In all these nacred, reiterative pages, however, the first thing that strikes us, even as we glance through them, is the presence of a voice: the very look of the print enforces this impression, for every page is sprinkled with words in italics, suggestions of stress, markings to indicate the rubatos, the *da capos* we have come to count on in interpreting a musical score. Further, the short paragraphs are often terminated with diareses, and the Nietzschean technique of apothegmatic progression is developed, certainly, to accommodate the breath, the phrasing, the diction of this perfect representative of *homo loquax.*

The characteristic note of this voice, the "key signature" masterfully orchestrated in so many forms over so many years is, I think, the note of disillusion, diffidence, of disabused lucidity which demands a peculiarly chastened attention of us:

Our perceptions generally arouse in us, when they arouse anything at all, something that annuls or tends to annul them.

The universe is only a more or less convenient invention.

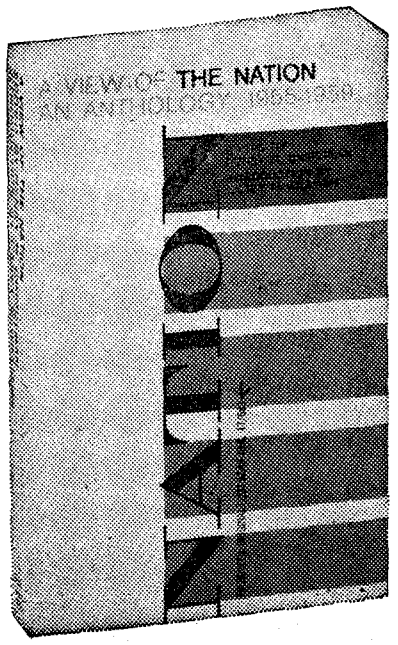
Perhaps if great men were as conscious as they are great, no man would be great in his own eyes.

I can think of only one other contemporary writer who sounds like that, whose voice is at once recognized by that resonance of bitter amusement and saddened but certain submission: "Our lives," T. S. Eliot will say, for instance, "are mostly a constant evasion of ourselves, and an evasion of the visible and sensible world." Eliot and Valéry, indeed, both have that ultimate modesty or reticence which is the unmistakable appanage of wisdom; and for both writers, consequently, the surrender of personality is an important means of achieving and retaining identity. "The work," Valéry insists, "should not give the person it affects anything that can be reduced to an idea of the author's person and thinking."

Though I shall not inventory here

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities *(Wesleyan Press). He writes criticism for* Partisan Review *and* Poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FREE
with every new subscription:
A View of The Nation

An anthology edited by Henry M. Christman

Introduction by Carey McWilliams

269 pages

This handsome book, published by Grove Press, collects some of the best articles that have appeared in *The Nation.* Among the thirty-seven contributors: C. Vann Woodward, Kenneth Rexroth, David Cort, Harry Golden, Kenneth Burke, George P. Elliott, Fred J. Cook, Harvey Swados, Dan Wakefield, Eve Merriam, Walter Goodman, Josephine Herbst, J. Bronowski, Walter Millis. Robert Fulford, book editor of the Toronto *Daily Star,* refers to the contents as *"The Nation's* fresh voice" and adds: *"A View of The Nation* serves as a reminder that *The Nation,* at its best, is a very good magazine indeed."

For your FREE COPY of *A View of The Nation,* fill out subscription coupon below, and start receiving America's oldest weekly journal of opinion—a truly *independent, critical* weekly.

THE NATION, 333 6th Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

Herewith my order for a **new** subscription (not a renewal) to **The Nation.** Please send me FREE a copy of **A View of The Nation.**

☐ One Year, $10 ☐ Two Years, $18 ☐ Six Months, $5

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 a year extra)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip No. .....

1-18-65

Valéry's familiar, finely articulated notions and prejudices about arbitrariness, consciousness and constraint which form the ground of his aesthetic reflections, I should like to note that in the course of his explorations he was prophetically aware of the extreme possibilities implicit within his aesthetic theory, possibilities that Harold Rosenberg has since assimilated to "action painting":

> *We can thus imagine* [Valéry says] *a painter working rhythmically, in a kind of dance. Execution after all is a version of miming. If all the movements that went into a picture could be reconstituted, the picture could be explained as a series of co-ordinated acts; the same series could then be repeated or reproduced, and the artist would then be comparable to an actor who plays the same role over and over. . . .*

If Valéry had seen Hans Namuth's famous film of Jackson Pollock *dancing* his paintings, could he have described its significance more accurately? But though Valéry is in this volume wonderfully acute about the productions of the past ("Classical aesthetics might exist without a single work of art") and sybilline about the future ("A sunset on the Pacific, a Titian in Madrid cannot yet [1928] be enjoyed in our living room with the same force of illusion as a symphony. That will happen some day. Perhaps they will do still better and find a way of showing us what goes on at the bottom of the sea"), he is best, I think, and most rewarding when he is merely himself, and indeed he is more "himself" in this volume on aesthetics than any professional intimist could be in any number of lengthy autobiographical avowals.

As he says, with an acuity and an emotion that sound all the idiosyncratic notes of his temper:

> *. . . what I have attempted was to organize in a general form a kind of theory of my own mind, and this precisely is the failing of all who cultivate the useless and arbitrary features of their thought; but I have made every effort, nonetheless, to put forward nothing that each one of my listeners, with a little reflection, might not easily find in himself and by himself; and to show that there is nothing that may not be new. . . . I now see what I might have done. That is a natural reaction which, it seems to me, any work laid aside must arouse. Perhaps it is always too late to do better.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

TINY ALICE; HUGHIE

When Edward Albee's *American Dream* was first produced I presumed to "advise" him. Though the play was specifically American in its humor, I suggested that he eschew the abstract. After the deserved success of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, Albee in his latest play, *Tiny Alice* (Billy Rose Theatre) has relapsed into abstraction.

Thirty-seven in March, Albee is still the best of our younger playwrights. Since Shaw was 45 when Max Beerbohm chose to speak of him as "young," I do not feel it improper to refer to Albee as young, and to persist in "advice." The kindest way to view *Tiny Alice* is as an honorable experiment. To be candid, the play struck me as the sort of thing a highly endowed college student might write by way of offering us a Faustian drama.

Its locale is generalized (neither England nor America), its action unreal, its speech a mixture of literate vernacular and stilted literacy. The settings (designed by William Rittman) are expensively and toweringly monumental, with a touch of the vulgarly chic. Except for the first scene, they represent the habitat of "the richest woman of the world."

I shall not discuss the plot because that might lead you to believe that I complain of its being too extravagantly symbolic or too obscure. The significance of certain details may elude one —and no harm done—but the play's intention is clear enough. It tells us that the pure person in our world is betrayed by all parties. The Church is venal, the "capitalist" heartlessly base, the "proletarian" cynical and, for all the good he may do, powerless and subservient. There remains Woman: enticing mother image and never-perfectly-to-be-possessed mate. (She may also embody the "Establishment.") The crisis in the pure man's life arises when, having found himself uncertain of his faith, he commits himself to a home for the mentally disturbed. Suffering from the need for tenderness and from religious anguish, he dwells in this womb of conscience to emerge after six years as a lay brother determined above all "to serve." But those who rule us—Church, the Economic Forces and Woman—bid him accept the world as it is. Being pure he cannot do so. Isolated and bereft of every hope, he must die—murdered.

Like Picasso who said that his pictures do not have to be "understood," only seen and felt, so Albee has suggested that people need not puzzle over his symbols; they have only to relax enough to be affected by them. There is this difference, however: Picasso paintings, whatever their "meaning," are fascinating on their surface. So too are Beckett's plays, Genet's and the best of Pinter's. Their images hold us; their complexities are compact with material in which we sense substantial value even when we are unable to name the exact nature of their composition. In art, Braque once observed, "It is not the ultimate goal which is interesting but the means by which we arrive there."

The surface or fabric of *Tiny Alice* is specious. The first scene (between "capitalist" and Cardinal) has some of the comic venom of *Virginia Woolf* but —except for those exhilarated by insults aimed at the clergy—it is by no means as apt. There is a certain cunning of suspense in the play, but the clearer it becomes the less convincing it seems. Its artistic method is too generalized to wound or even to touch us. Its pathos is weak, its scorn jejune, its diction lacking in most of its author's personal flair.

I do not ask Albee to stick to realism. *The Zoo Story* and *The Death of Bessie Smith* are not, strictly speaking, realistic plays, nor in fact does *Virginia Woolf* belong in that category. But in those plays Albee's dialogue had a true eloquence, a refreshingly dry and agile muscularity because it issued from the concrete. Their vocabulary was grounded in a life Albee had intimately experienced in his environment and in his senses. In *Tiny Alice* all his artful devices leave one impassive. The only moment my interest was piqued, I confess, was in the ambiguously sexual scene when the pure one succumbs to the millionairess' naked body.

Even though the play's terms rather than their meaning are what disconcert me, something more should be said about the content. Though Albee's spirit and gifts are entirely distinct from those of such recent masters of European drama as Beckett and Genet (each of whom in turn is different from the other), there is evidence of a similar "defeatist" strain. I do not share their view of life, but I recognize the aesthetic potency of Beckett and Genet's work. They speak with genuine originality. They are moreover voices revealing of our day. That is their justification and their merit. (It is also to be noted once again that their work, though divorced from realism, is composed of indelibly memorable theatre metaphors.)

We often speak of their work as "negative" or "pessimistic." In a way, however, the pessimism of *Tiny Alice* has even a greater coherence, a more thoroughgoing finality than that of the Europeans. But though it is always easier to adduce evidence for a black view of life, that is, to prove the world an intolerably damned place, than to urge us in any contrary sense, one soon discovers that the conclusions of pessimism have only a minor value. For logic and proof bear little relation to the processes and conduct of reality. The more tightly one argues the futility of our life's struggle, the more futile the point becomes. It is much too simple. Thus the importance of *Tiny Alice* diminishes as our understanding of it increases.

The play is directed by Alan Schneider, and has been cast with such admirable actors as John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, Eric Berry and John Heffernan.

Eugene O'Neill, like Albee and most other American dramatists, ran into trouble when he went astray in generalized or abstract speculations. Compare *Lazarus Laughs* or even *The Great God Brown*, for example, with *Desire Under the Elms* or *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. O'Neill's *Hughie* (Royale Theatre) is a play which in one hour—nearly all monologue—perceptively establishes its two characters, its theme and its period.

It has been slighted by some reviewers as little more than a preliminary sketch for Hickey in *The Iceman Cometh*. It isn't: *The Iceman Cometh* was written in 1939, *Hughie* in 1942. Nor is "Erie" Smith in *Hughie* a redraft of Hickey. The earlier play is a study in self-delusion; it dramatized man's need to preserve himself through any dream no matter how false. *Hughie* deals with the yearning for companionship in a noisy and lonely world.

What is moving in *Hughie* is not alone its theme but its tone. It conveys the illusion of glamour characteristic of the twenties and the fright and melancholy that era distilled in the knowing American's heart. The play might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been called "The Shadow of the Twenties."

The night clerk in a shabby hotel who murmurs monosyllables is a miniature masterpiece of spiritual desolation and semi-conscious resentment against the fraud of our prosperity. The small-time gambler, "Erie," chattering lyrically about such heroes of the time as Arnold Rothstein, communicates the inner devastation of a person who strives to identify himself with the glittering hurly-burly of society but who only needs a friend.

Hughie, played expertly by Jason Robards, and sensitively by Jack Dodson, is one of O'Neill's consummate creations.

ART

Max Kozloff

MAX BECKMANN

If Max Beckmann occupies a lofty place in 20th-century art, and has contributed memorably to the modern tradition, it is despite some of his important qualities. He matured later than, and stood apart from, mainstream Expressionism, as he himself was glad to notice: "This Expressionist business was really only a decorative and literary matter, having nothing to do with vital feeling for art. . . ." It is a weirdly composed accusation, not least of all because it can be and has been leveled against Beckmann's own work. In a period moving rapidly toward abstraction, Surrealism and mechanization, that is, during the twenties and thirties, he upheld the didactic and the primitive, infusing a taste for Mediterranean myth and tradition into a hyper-German sensibility. However unfortunate a mating, or grotesque a spectacle, it allowed Beckmann to distill an ornery strength and develop a wide scope which has refused to diminish. Only Picasso, among the great modern masters, has a larger range of subject and association.

Beckmann was not eccentric, and yet he removed himself from his time, or rather, straddled it from on high; and if he was archaically symbolist, he was still contemporary, radical in his emotional responses to the age, but gradually ceasing to participate in the evolution of its art. In the end, he left few followers (the most regrettable contingent being in Midwestern American art schools), and bequeathed less influence. What remains visible in the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition of his art is simply a large grit in the industrial and dehumanized consciousness of today.

Not that Beckmann, isolated and outsider as he clearly was, would think to oppose group styles or movements with his own individual vision. No less than Kandinsky or Mondrian, he thought of his work as a macrocosm of which style would be only a constituent. That is why his treatment of brutality and pain has something almost racial about it—so generalized by allegorical filters that it is a memory rather than a confrontation of suffering. Germane to Beckmann's conception of art is his dry statement: "Life is difficult, as perhaps everyone knows by now. It is to escape from these difficulties that I practice the pleasant profession of a painter." And yet, art for him is not really a form of evasion: "When spiritual, metaphysical, material, or immaterial events come into my life, I can only fix them by way of painting. Therefore I hardly need to abstract things, for each object is unreal enough already, so unreal that I can only make it real by means of painting." Art, then, is simultaneously a resistance to and a recall of experience, an experience heightened and made tangible only at a certain distance. Hence the distinctness and stridence of Beckmann's imagery, delivered so brusquely to the eye, and hence too that sense of particularity, so foreign to mannerism or formula, which keeps him from being just one more cloudy poet of *Angst*. There is a kind of detached clangor about this show, and a homeless specificity about its motifs.

The most vexing problem for critics and spectators of Beckmann has been the interpretation of his imagery—a cosmos rife with clowns and kings and bellhops (paralleling Rouault and Soutine), interspersed with sphinxes, fishes, blind men, candles, executioners and goddesses. Toward the end of his life in 1950, Beckmann described it vividly, if misleadingly: "Have you not sometimes been with me in the deep hollow of the champagne glass where red lobsters crawl around and black waiters serve red rumbas which make the blood course through your veins as if to a wild dance? Where white dresses and black silk stockings nestle themselves close to the forms of young gods amidst orchid blossoms and the clatter of tambourines?" Since Courbet's "L'Atelier," which, however sodden with history and ideas, destroyed the genre tradition and with it any fixity of meaning, modern Symbolist art has become a more or less irremediable enigma, engulfing such painters as Gauguin, Munch, Ensor and Picasso. Nothing if not protean in his choice of subjects; mingling past and present, the vulgar and the "cultured," Beckmann joins their company. (Even if his iconography implies more readability than theirs.) Yet, he steers clear of Surrealism, for ultimately there is nothing implausible or incongruous about his images: they are all gobbets of a terrible glamour. As such, they may be magnified and obsessive, but also indeterminate and self-canceling, existing as a methodical and autonomous mode of *visual* presentation. I am unable to see how a fish can be exclusively a virility symbol for Beckmann (what about his knives and horns?), whereas the same creature, presumably with the same provenance, is clearly not for Chagall. To wind up the personages of Beckmann with the tape of learning is to suffocate them.*

Perhaps because he has generally been thought to be a raging brutalist, this show is revealing insofar as it exposes Beckmann's art to be highly constructed and equilibriated. For one thing, the junk heap of objects which seems to vomit from the shallow cavity of his pictures, as from the closet of a sinister Fibber McGee, is rigorously organized. Were it not for the artist's extreme powers of formal synthesis, reducing their number while upending and clarifying individual planes (he is prejudiced against all foreshortening), one's sense of unutterable confusion and clutter might have been justified by the sheer additive nature of each composition (reminiscent of the 15th-century German altarpieces which partly stimulated his initial

*Recent interpretative attempts by Peter Selz in his catalogue of the Modern Art's exhibition, and by Charles Kessler in the December issue of *Arts*, contain a good many things that are interesting to know about Beckmann, a great deal that is either obvious or sheer guesswork, and a precious smidgen of material that enhances our perception of the paintings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contortions during the First World War). But there is an economy of the gangling and the dissonant, as much as there is of rhythm and harmonics, and Beckmann was its master.

For another thing, those ponderous forms of his, that swell and bulk, pressing against the perimeters at innumerable odd points, have mass but no weight. Actually, he developed from a slightly modeled delineation of forms, in which some volume and density is achieved at the expense of color, —the latter weakly tinting a tableau as in "The Dream,"—to a highly chromatic, but flattened way of seeing things, culminating in the triptychs, and the frieze-like visions of the forties. In this latter stage of his career, Beckmann achieved a strangely buoyant immobility. The drawing, once smooth and metallic, now scratchily thickens and pictorializes into a chiseled and tottering carbon contour. It vies with and sometimes seeps into the increasing number of jet-black areas that set off and enhance the piercing local colors by decorative relief (e.g., "The King," 1937). At the same time, shadow, a tactile more than an optical veiling, is schematized and splayed over the luminous ground by a dry brush. Finally, while Beckmann's diagonals are the most obtrusive imaginable, they do not evoke speed or gesture, but are locked in a slow, asymmetric balance. In short, this painter of terror and monstrosity expanded his art, but never failed of discipline, and exposed himself to a profoundly tragic view of life, but never yielded to sentiment.

Beckmann came of age as late as his mid-30s during World War I, after a breakdown caused by his experiences as a medical orderly. During the 1920s, rejecting his earlier emotionally sketchy style, he was drawn briefly into "The New Objectivity," along with Grosz and Otto Dix: clinicians of the interregnum. If it was the period of the Bauhaus and the Barcelona Pavilion by Mies, it was also the moment of *Wozzeck* and *The Blue Angel*, and its transcription by Beckmann is all the more hair-raising for being leaden and corseted into a whole forest of cacophonous, tilted, prickling shapes ("Family Picture," 1920; "Iron Footbridge in Frankfort," 1922). Only in his portraits, starched and brittle though they are, does an explicit breadth make itsef felt, although even here faces are gashed into a series of cruel masks.

Eventually his sense of artifice unfolded into a theatrical and mythological pageant during the thirties. The four-square self-portraits, in various outlandish guises, of which Peter Selz notes an "ambivalence between his desire to retreat into himself and need to be a figure of public adulation," increase and spill over promiscuously into surrogate figures of the triptychs. At the same time, he develops an emphatic compositional counterpoint, as in "Departure," where the outer panels are compressed tableaux of violence, and the center section hints of serenity. The stasis between the Apollonian and the Dionysiac, far more subtly worked out in Beckmann than one supposes, is intimately linked with his vision of himself as being simultaneously within and outside his work. Now more distinctly contained behind or upon the picture plane, his imagery becomes a kind of lurid charade, in which man or object, larger than life in their proportions, nevertheless take on the value of stage properties. Were the figures to move any more freely, or the faces to gain any expressiveness, the whole fabric would be disarticulated. For Beckmann to solicit our responses would be to wrench his work into a crude psychological naturalism, and to destroy the painfully built up anti-rhetoric of an otherwise rhetorical framework. One can recognize his icons with a certain shock, but never make contact or identify with them. Throughout the last twenty years of his career, therefore, there appears a consciousness of his own solitude, half proud because of the peculiar potency it afforded him, and half pathetic because of his necessary withdrawal from his spectators.

And yet, before the Second World War, in France, Beckmann was finally able to close some of the gap between his own wayward Teutonism, and modernists like Matisse and Braque, for whose work (in its silhouettes and black foils) he shows a sudden affinity. But for their harsh spirit, some of Beckmann's paintings, such as "Apache Dance" or "Acrobat on a Trapeze," could be very tart masterpieces of the School of Paris. (The splendid "Quappi with White Fur," in fact, is one of the most Gallic things he ever did.) Even Beckmann's execution loosens and gains a casual ease that belies the insistent, programmatic outlines of the forms. One still has dry, reticent painting, but it is no longer hot or drained of energy, no longer the handmaiden of drawing, and the implicit sensuality of the treatment mitigates a good deal of the toughness of the themes. Furthermore, the colors—pinks, emeralds, lemon yellows, sharp oranges, breathe in happy decorative profusion. If occasionally his penchant for the tour de force, or his masterpiece complex led him astray, the astringent bouquets of his less ambitious moments carried him through the pressure points. Unlike Chagall, who wallowed seductively in the nostalgia of a personal fancy, unlike the Surrealists who wanted to penetrate a collective unconscious, Beckmann had to transcend his dreams in order to see them as his own. The genuine apprehension and the self-imposed chill which resulted bear vivid witness to the half century.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

NOTHING BUT A MAN
RATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN
MARRIAGE ITALIAN STLYE

Michael Roemer and Robert Young clearly intend their *Nothing But a Man* to be an exemplary picture—to advance racial justice in this country. But they have worked with such restraint, passion and respect for character that their production is valid and engrossing drama quite apart from its social relevance.

It is a love story set in a small Southern town that is feeling the first faint ripples of the distant civil rights storm. The girl (Abbey Lincoln) is the schoolteacher daughter of the local minister, a patriarch who for all his personal decency plays the white game. The boy (Ivan Dixon) frightens the parson, both for his daughter and for his community. This Duff is a migrant railroad worker, and the Negroes who lay track in the South have apparently licked the problem of discrimination by becoming outcast from *all* conventional society. They live and work and play in gangs, they make relatively high pay and live in cars along the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right of way, coming into the towns only to buy drink and girls in the lowest dives. They are much too tough to be fooled with, and they think themselves free. In point of fact, they never come close enough to a white man to test their freedom.

But Duff wants domesticity and thinks he can find it with the preacher's daughter. She is a shy, witty and passionate girl, and given half a chance the marriage would work. But half a chance is what that town will not give an outsider—particularly a black outsider. It wants its Negroes tame and it undertakes to tame Duff. He fights back, hitting everything in sight, including his wife. He runs away, but he comes back, finding that his marriage and his self-respect mean more to him than life itself—and life itself, I would guess as the picture ends, is exactly what he will pay.

It is exceedingly difficult these days to work with such material without becoming patronizing, self-righteous or chauvinistic. This film manages to tell a raw, angry, humanly individualistic story by creating richly absorbing characters, quite unpredictable in their human idiosyncrasy, and casting them with superb actors. It deals remorselessly with the sociology of the Negro South (the white South is present only as reptilian menace): the preacher is one kind of destroyed man; Duff's father, drunken, diseased, malign, is another; the factory hands, gelded in their souls, are still a third. Duff is not beaten, but neither is he disciplined. He is a rough boy from a rough background; in that town, he is perhaps a year, perhaps only six months, ahead of the times; I don't think he will make it. And I care about that, not because Duff represents the embattled Negro, but because he is a strong, appealing, confused and decent young man.

Nothing But a Man is better, both as drama and as doctrine, than anything I have seen thus far from the hands of James Baldwin or LeRoi Jones. It is better because it is about people, and not about causes, blood guilt or avenging angels.

Rattle of a Simple Man is a small British picture, made with modest amounts of wit and slapstick, on one of the most indestructible formulas of popular entertainment—the slow dance to consummation of a virginal bumpkin and a good-hearted whore. In this case he is a Manchester football fan, down with his buddies from Manchester for the big game, and she is the daughter of an Italian restaurant family who has found a way to escape the steaming kettles (Harry Corbett and Diane Cilento). There is not a believable moment in it and it has been roasted in the press. But I thought its performers beguiling and its absurdities sufficiently ingenious to make a pleasant show.

Marriage Italian Style is also about a whore (Sophia Loren), though one not conspicuously good-hearted except with respect to her hidden offspring, and there is assuredly nothing of the bumpkin about Marcello Mastroianni. Nor, despite the title, is there anything in this picture that faintly recalls *Divorce Italian Style*. That was a grotesque, almost frightening, social burlesque; this is a cold-hearted vaudeville, contrived to show off two of Italy's shiniest stars in the attitudes most relished by the American public (she the erotic fishwife, he the elegant satyr). Loren and Mastroianni fight at love as splendidly as any stage couple now on public view, but even they need more to motivate their hot duel than a desire to coin Mediterranean temperament into American dollars.

Naples looks as pretty as a postcard in rather gross color. De Sica's direction is vivid, fast, sloppy and a little coarse. His two genuinely fine actors here literally throw themselves into their parts; they are determined to be understood, even by someone who has not hitherto noticed that there are two sexes, and subtlety be hanged. It is bad Italian cooking: lots of garlic and very little taste.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 1-18-65
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

Russia's Courts

(Continued from page 57)

duct in the *obshchestvo* as well as in the law school *obshchestvennost'*. A freshman law student in his mid-30s followed, heavily scoring the seniors for their disrespect to the *obshchestvo* made evident by their refusal to "judge" the offender.

The besieged seniors replied. One redeemed himself by condemning Comrade R——'s contemptuous attitude toward the "common man." Another argued for a reasonable balance between a person's actions in the *obshchestvo* and in his *obshchestvennost'*. The last speaker tried to lay the entire blame for the incident on the "atmosphere" of Moscow's crowded housing conditions. To the chairman's dismay, the noisy neighbor continued to trumpet her objections.

Comrade R—— seemed more subdued in his "last word." He admitted his bad behavior, hoped he could improve his relationship with his wife, but in a last burst of defiance, asked: "How can I be expected to improve my relations with my neighbors after what they said about me today?"

The Comrades' Court administered a "social reprimand without public announcement," but added significantly that the minutes of the meeting would be forwarded to the administration of the law school for consideration in assigning Comrade R—— to his first post in the Soviet legal system. The chairman again closed the meeting on a didactic note. He admonished the offender to observe the moral and social norms of the *obshchestvo*, reminded the law students of their civic duties as educated men and lawyers, and exhorted them to observe a code of behavior, in the *obshchestvo* as well as in their *obshchestvennost'*, commensurate with their high status in society.

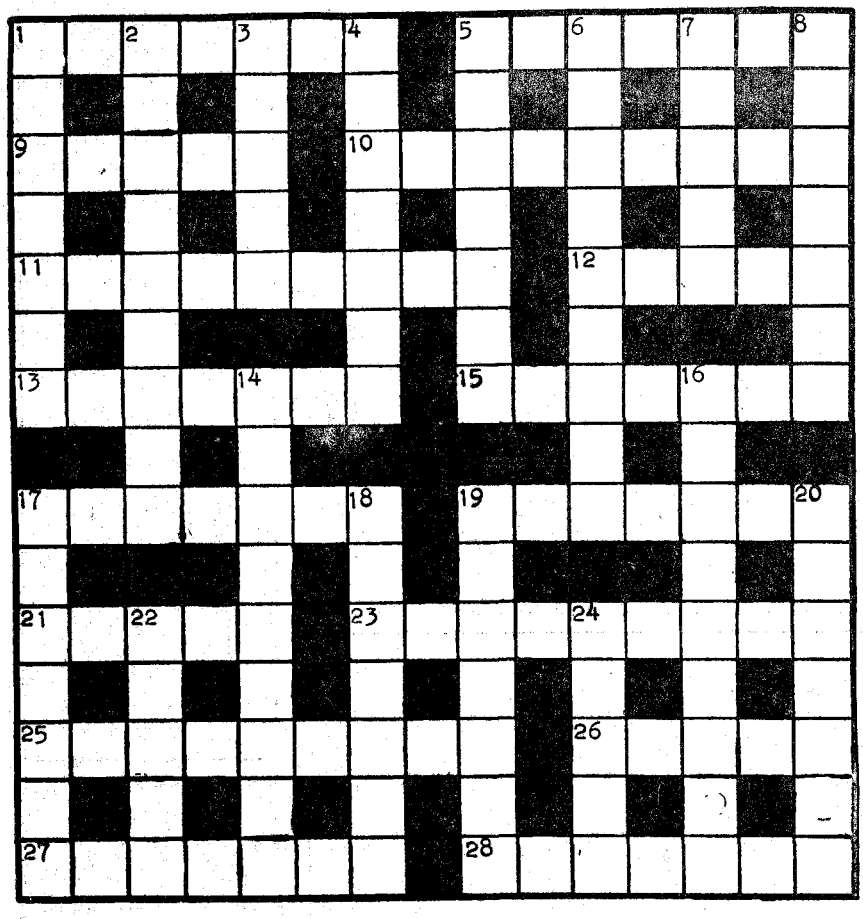
The Comrades' Court adjourned, the green table cover was folded, the desks rearranged, and the crowd filtered out.

The fall and spring meetings of the Comrades' Court of Moscow University Law School were, indisputably, "seed times" of the lawyer as a New Soviet Man. Whether the chairman was able to sow sufficiently deep is itself one of the intriguing questions for the future of Soviet society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1089

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is the principal a very likely one to have such a conference? (7)
5 and 9 And this might make the principal blush red, for example. (7, 5)
10 It might be good for a base to put an end to the government. (9)
11 Give a little support to shut up what belongs to us inside. (9)
12 One shouldn't be fond of catching crabs. (5)
13 One might keep furniture in it, or in the theater, perhaps. (7)
15 See all of it, and see bad at the end of it. (7)
17 Stops in the wrong side streets, when short. (7)
19 Can Rome destroy it, and build another city? (7)
21 See 7 down
23 Bird was so quoted? Not again! (9)
25 Passage, in one sense. (9)
26 One is upset by it, logically enough! (5)
27 One of the sweetest things about Little Buttercup! (7)
28 Are their charges responsible for a certain activity in the stock market? (7)

DOWN:

1 On guard in fencing? (7)
2 Approaching pale reddish purple. (9)
3 What some hold on to is a little less than moral goodness. (5)
4 Too ascendant in anger, but a firm fixture. (7)
5 Make believe it should be retired shortly, and hang around! (7)
6 There's no respite, possibly for what mediators sometimes have to do. (9)
7 and 21 Novel description of Cupid's armorer? (10)
8 They used to prefer a bow from one, yet were bothered by it. (3, 4)
14 The case, it seems, of the arty. (9)
16 Husband, perhaps. (9)
17 Quite a come-down, though many are proud of theirs. (7)
18 Reputedly the Madison Avenue tie should be. (7)
19 Wanted the worst way! (7)
20 If one doesn't worry, one is supposed to like Peter Pan. (7)
22 In an emergency, it starts without much sense. (5)
24 Movement, perhaps, that could be the making of the Kaiser's last stand. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1088

ACROSS: 1 Chapfallen; 10 Coaster; 11 Arrival; 12 Taps; 13 Campobello; 15 Icecaps; 16 Express; 17 Stuck up; 20 Colombo; 22 Accelerate; 23 Smee; 25 Eyelets; 26 Corunna; 27 Sink; 28 Alpenstock. DOWN: 1 Cocktail shakers; 2 and 6 An apple a day; 3 Fete; 4 Lariats; 5 Example; 7 Devolve; 8 Yellowstone Park; 9 Crabapple; 14 Mankiller; 18 Unclean; 19 Perusal; 20 Cuticle; 21 Memento; 24 Arms.

MEETINGS

New Politics Symposium: "WHAT POLICY FOR THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT?" Speakers: Dr. George Wiley, CORE Assoc. Director; Marion Barry, First SNCC Chairman, N.Y. SNCC Administrative Secretary; Dr. John Morsell, Assistant Executive Director, NAACP; Daniel Watts, editor, The Liberator. Moderator: Norman Thomas. Friday, Jan. 29th, 8:30 P.M.; Internat'l Assoc. of Machinists Hall, 7 East 15th St., New York City.

UNREST IN LABOR'S RANK AND FILE

HEAR: **Ed Grey**, Dir. UAW, Region 9
Norm Hill, IUD, AFL-CIO
Al Shanker, Pres., United Federation of Teachers
Tom Brooks, Labor Author

January 15, 8 P.M., Textile Workers' Hall, 99 University Place, New York

Contribution $1 Students 50c
Sponsored by
Lower Manh. Brh, Socialist Party U.S.A.

EDUCATIONAL

JEWISH YOUTH AGES 18-26!
Hechalutz Farm in Hightstown, N.J.—the only training farm for kibbutz life in Israel is offering resident scholarships. Successful candidates will receive help with their passage to Israel. Apply: **Hechalutz Scholarship Program, Hechalutz Farm, Hightstown, N.J., or 112 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. 3. Tel.: GR 3-2420.**

PUBLICATIONS

THE IDLER MAGAZINE

THE IDLER is a new liberal monthly that's fun to read. Witty, informal and informative. **Send $1.00 for two sample back-issues or $6.00 for a year's subscription to:**

THE IDLER
125 Fifth St., N.E., Washington 2, D.C.

FREE Paperback Catalog. **Great Savings. NEW YORK PAPERBACK-RECORD CLUB, 46 West 43 St., New York City 10036.**

"21 Ways to Save on Your Phone Bill." Send $1 to **American Telephone Consumers Council, 1133-G Broadway, N.Y.C. 10010.**

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. All authors, all subjects. **Ardent Book Finders, Dept. N, 19 Salem, Cos Cob, Conn.**

Jewish News' Backgrounds —a twice monthly newsletter of background material pertinent to and depth reporting of current Jewish affairs.
Sub. (22 issues) $4—copy on request
JEWISH NEWS' BACKGROUNDS
66 E 12 St., N. Y. 10003. Tel.: AL 4-7420

SERVICES

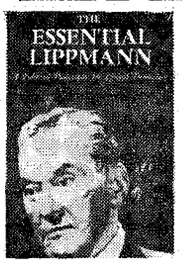
MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

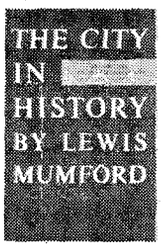
WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC). 569 Hudson Street, New York 14, PSC 709**

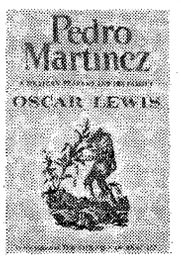
Advertising Rates
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 10014, CHelsea 2-8400

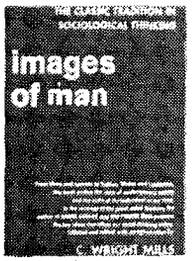
Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



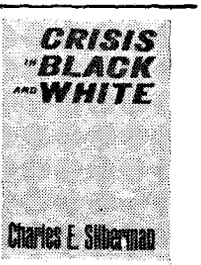


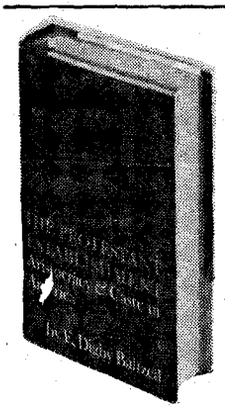


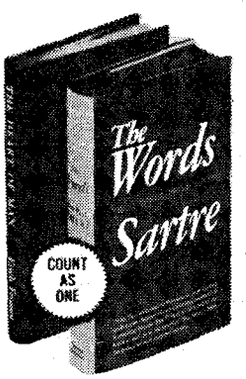


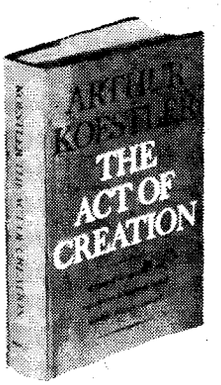
ANY 3 BOOKS FREE

WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION / **RETAIL VALUES TO $42.50**









SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE—For more than 20 years the Book Find Club has offered its members the **best in literature** at substantial savings. Ranging from the social sciences to biography, history, psychology, the arts—Book Find Club selections cover every interest. These are books that last—solid, readable books that have permanent value. As you add them to your library, you will be building a rich, cultural center in your own home. Each month, as a member, you will be offered an important, timely book at average savings of 40% over book store prices. These books are authoritatively reviewed in the **Book Find News** which also keeps you up to date on the hundreds of alternate selections which you can buy at the same, low member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want (four more during the course of the coming year). Upon completion of this introductory agreement you will be entitled to a free **bonus** book after every third purchase. Why not insure yourself against ever again missing the books you really want to read and own. Start your membership today by choosing any three of the books pictured above **free** with your first selection.

***The Words,** Jean-Paul Sartre; and **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm.
Combined retail price $8.95 ..... Member's price (for both books) $5.95

The Protestant Establishment: *Aristocracy & Caste in America,* E. Digby Baltzell.
Retail $6.95 ..... Member's price $5.50

The FBI Nobody Knows, Fred J. Cook. Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.95

***The Act of Creation,** Arthur Koestler. Retail $8.95 ..... Member's price $5.95

Saint Genet: *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50. Member's price $5.95

The Vital Balance: *The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness.*
Karl Menninger. Retail $10.00 ..... Member's price $6.95

Crisis in Black and White, Charles E. Silberman.
Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.95

The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross.
Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.50

***Abundance for What?** David Riesman; *and* **The Martyred,** Richard E. Kim.
Combined retail price $11.00 ..... Member's price (for both books) $6.50

***Pedro Martinez:** a Mexican Peasant and his Family,* Oscar Lewis.
Retail $8.75 ..... Member's price $5.95

The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Aquinas, Nietzsche, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Shapley, Huxley, and others.
Retail $7.50 ..... Member's price $4.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford ..... Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung ... Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95

The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare .... Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell ..... Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95

Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills, and more. ..... Retail $7.50. Member's price, $5.50

***Images of Man:** The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright* Mills. Retail $7.50 .....Member's price $4.95

***TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, Inc.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003

You may enroll and send me the 3 free books of my choice, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

Free Books 1_____

2_____

3_____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print full name

Address .....

Zip

City ..... State ..... Code .....

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

B65-1N

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED